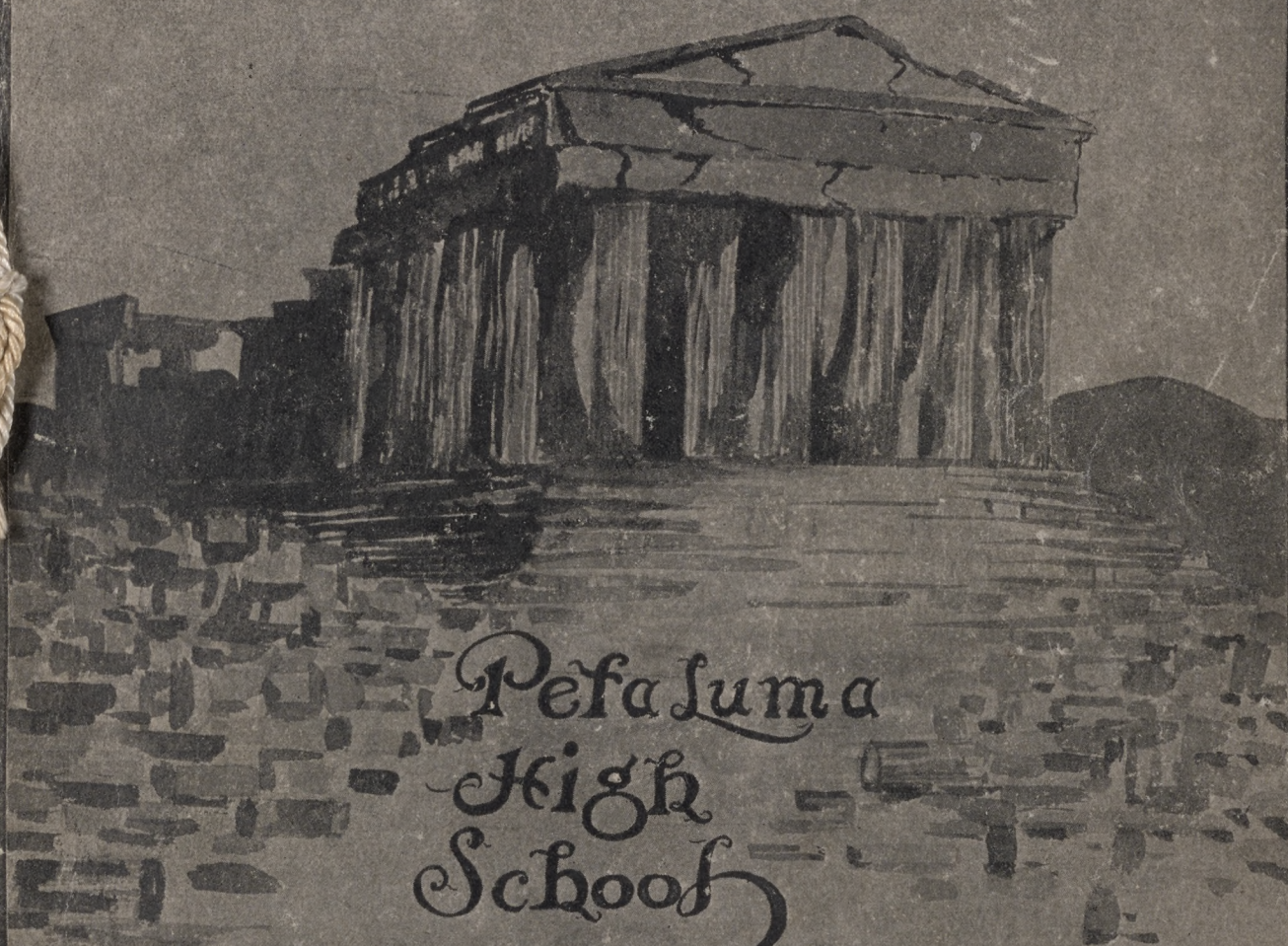


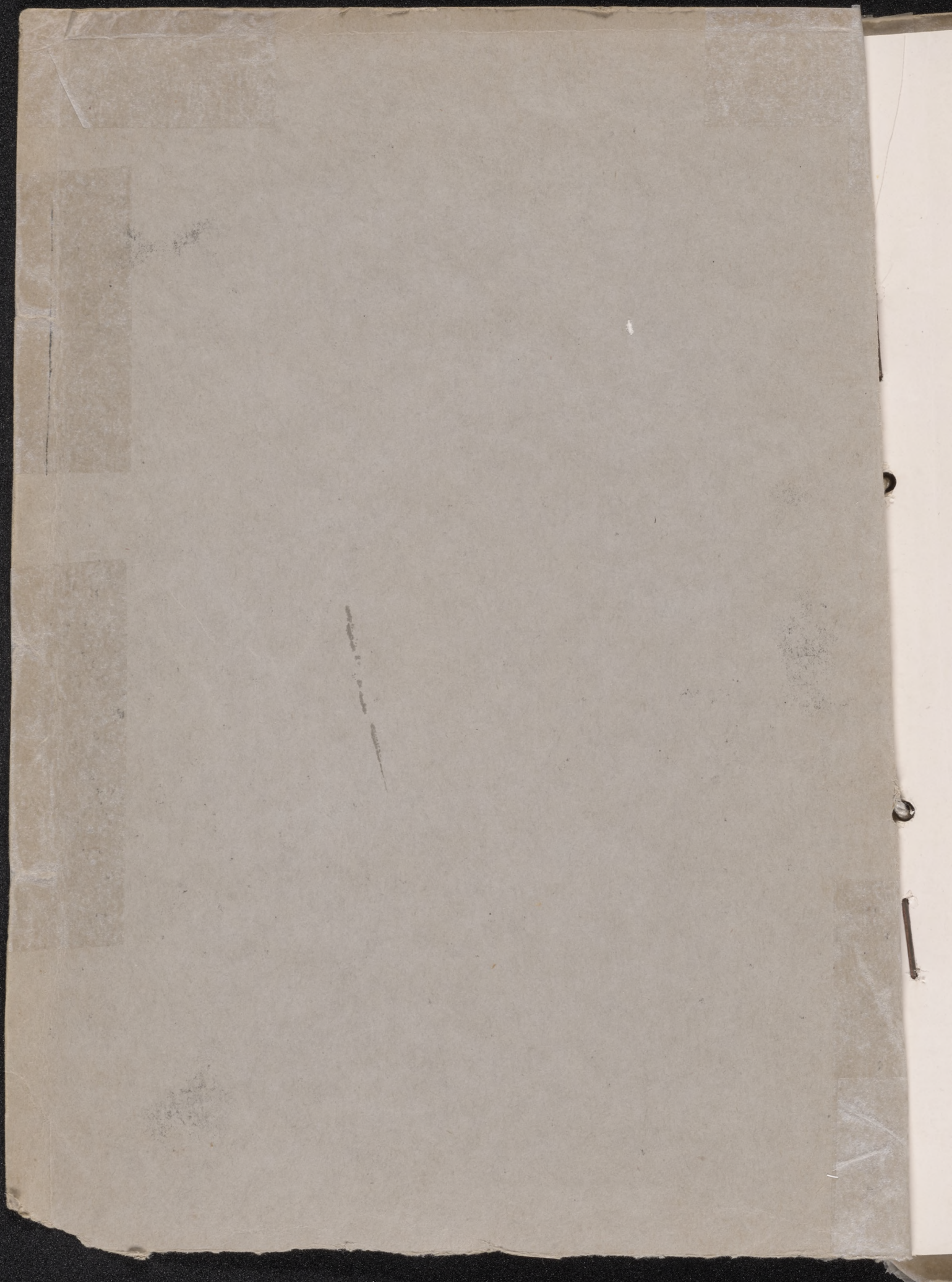
The Enterprise

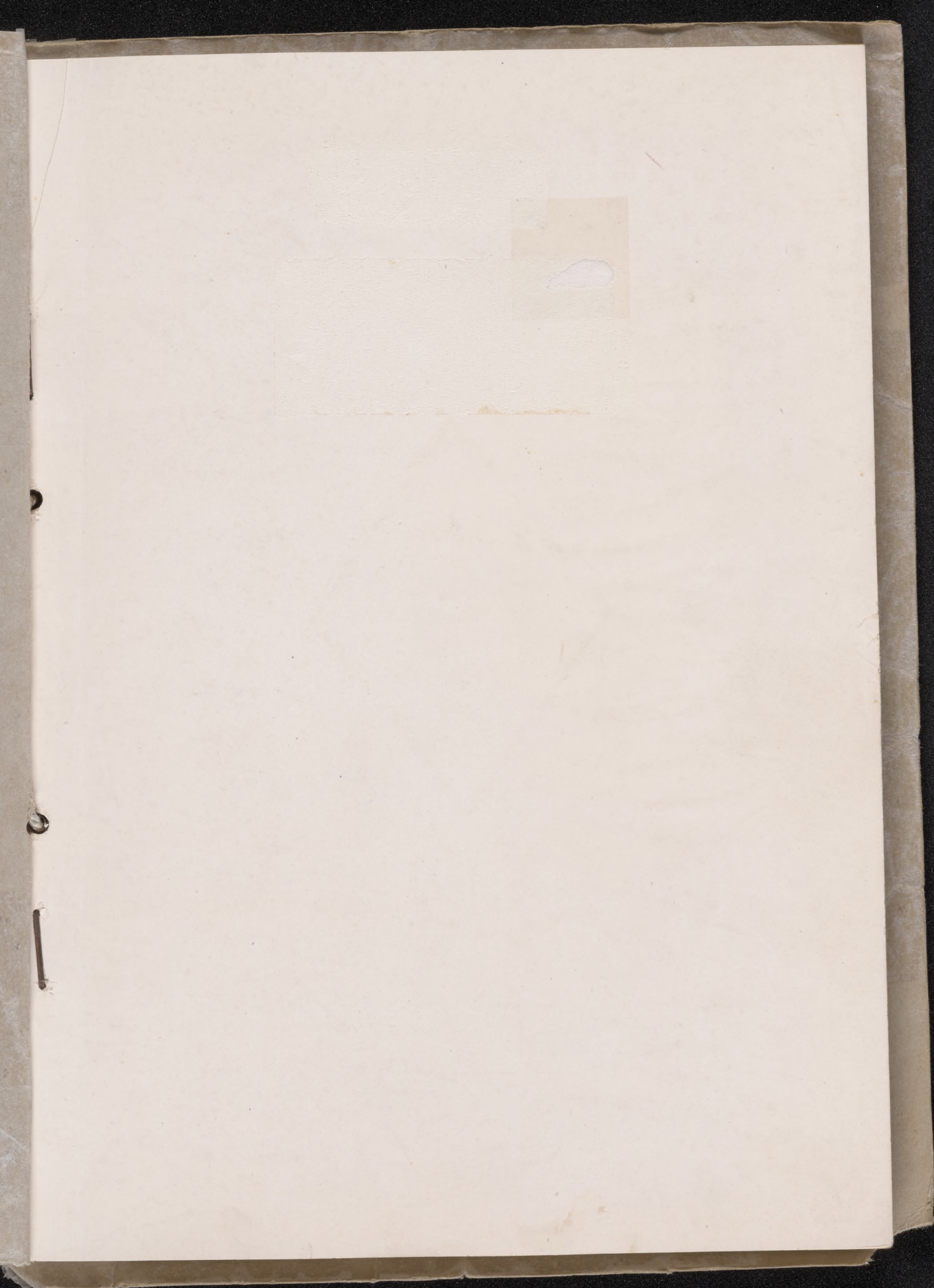


Pefaluma
High
School

June 1915.

A. MORSE BOWEN 1915







The Enterprise

Petaluma High School

Petaluma, California

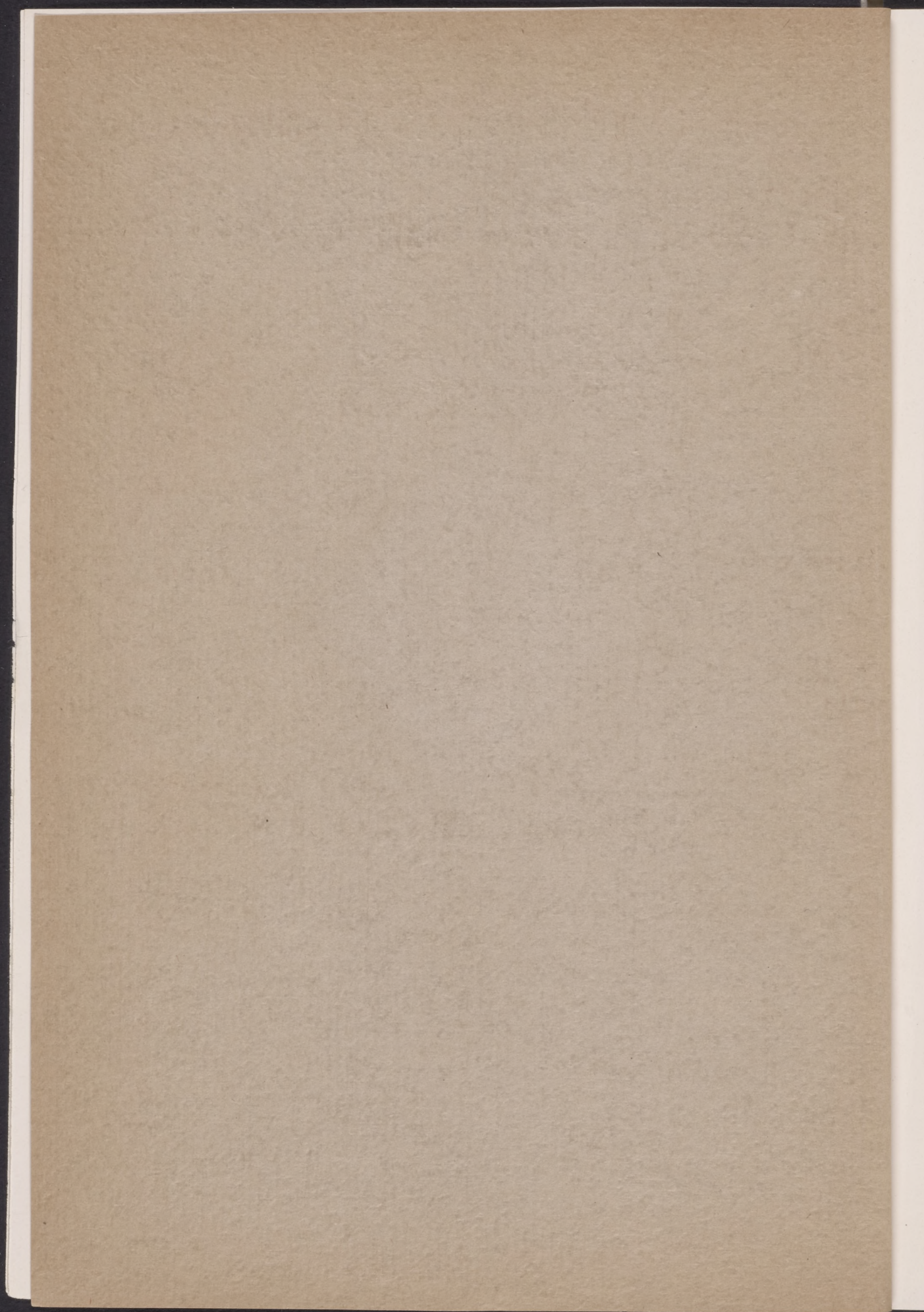
June, 1915



To
Miss Elsa Schluckebier
who has cheerfully
devoted much of her time
in our behalf
we dedicate this issue
of the Enterprise



Miss Elsa Schluckebier



...Faculty...



WALTER O. SMITH, Principal.
Ph. B., University of California.
Graduate Student.
Civics, History, Mathematics.

MISS NINA L. BEAUCHAMP,
B. L., University of California.
Commercial Branches.

MISS EMMA F. DANIEL,
B. S., University of California.
Medical Student in University of
California College of Medicine.
Science.

MISS EMMA V. HESSE,
B. S., University of California.
Mathematics, English.

THOLOW BINKLEY,
A. B. Stanford University.
Graduate Student.
Physics, Manual Training,
Mechanical Drawing.

MISS HELEN C. PRUTZMAN,
A. B., University of California.
Cogswell Polytechnic College.
English, Vocal Music.

ALVA BING WAY,
Ph. B., A. M., Ottawa University,
Heald's Business College.
A. B., Stanford University.
Commercial Branches.

MISS ELSA SCHLUCKEBIER,
B. L., University of California.
German, Drawing.

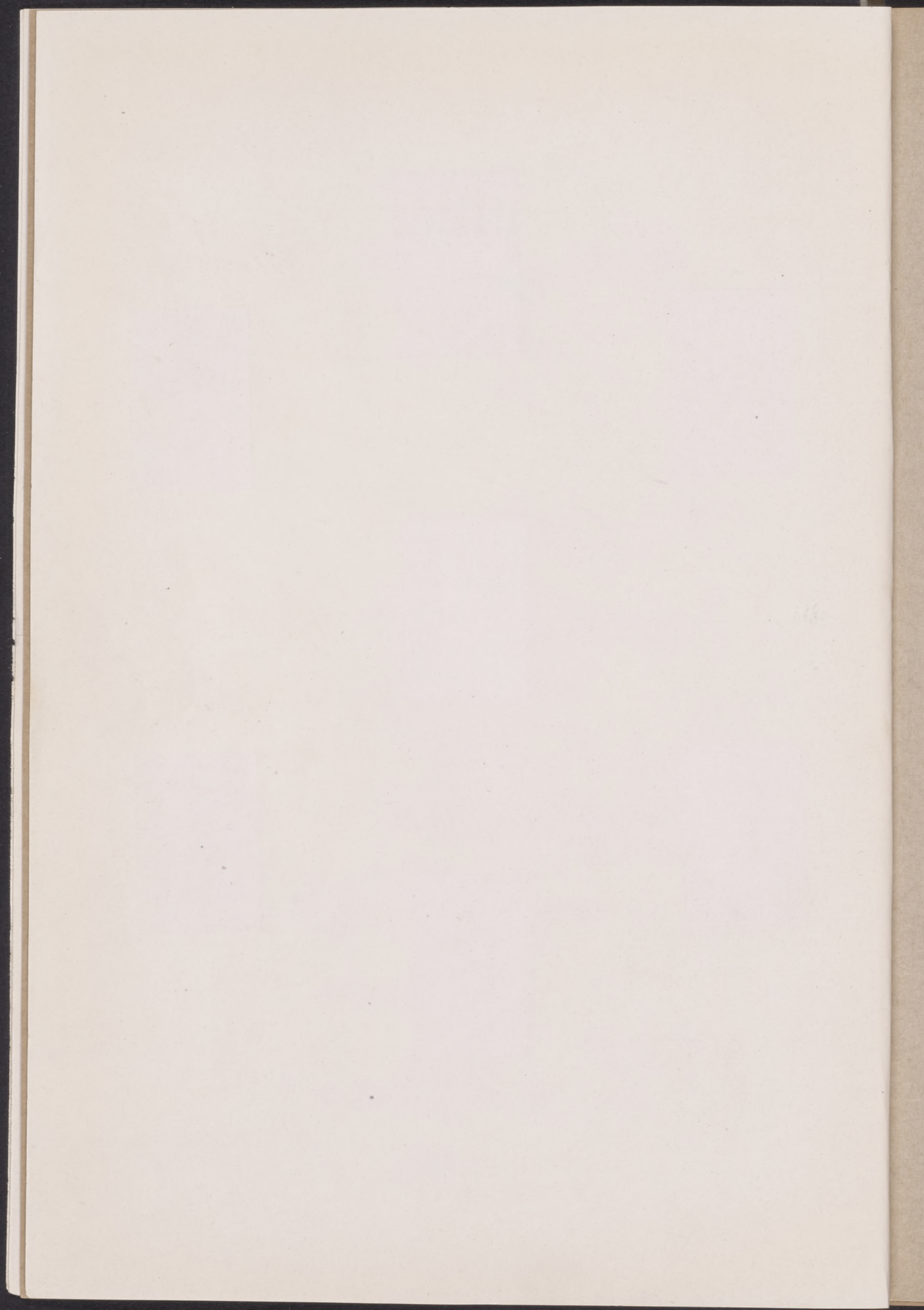
MISS MADGE WOODMAN,
B. L., University of California.
Graduate Student.
History.

MISS ANNA PARRY,
Stout Institute.
Domestic Science.

MISS KATHERINE LINDSAY,
University of California.
Language.

MISS JENNETT MILLER
University of California.
English

MISS HELEN M. PERKINS,
University of California.
English





Helen M. Perkins



Emma F. Daniell



Helen C. Prutzman



Walter O. Smith
Principal



Emma V. Hesse



Elsa Schluckebier



Madge Woodman





Anna M. Parry



Nina Beauchamp



Tholow Binkley



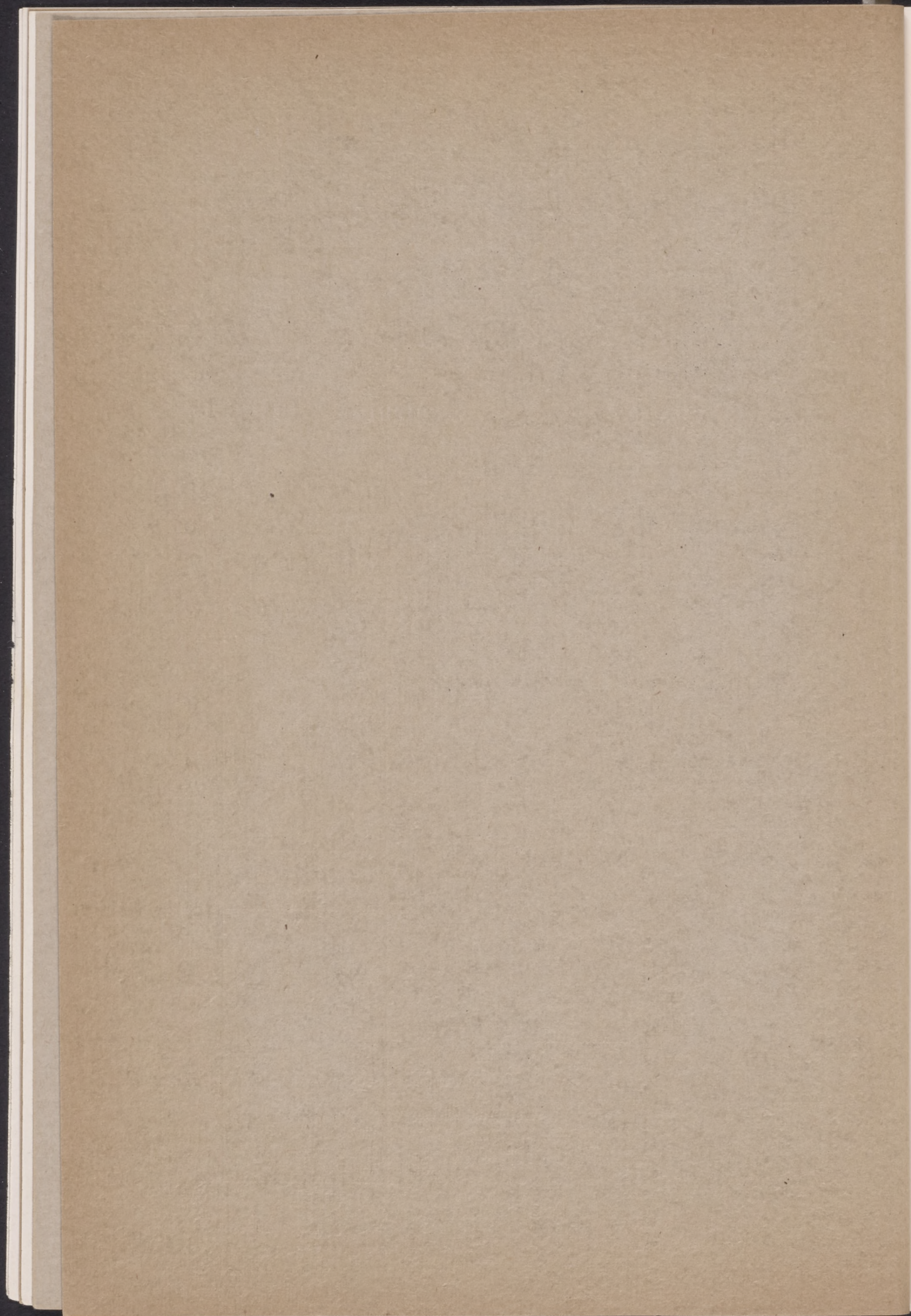
Alva Bing Way



Jeanette Miller



Katherine Lindsay





Contents

DEDICATION	2
DEDICATION CUT	3
FACULTY	5
A WORD From OUR PRINCIPAL	12
A GLIMPSE OF THE FAIR	17
MOTTO, COLORS, FLOWER ...	20
CLASS FLOWER	21
GRADUATES	23
CLASS OF 1915	24
LITERARY	37
The Hostage	38
Phil's Philosophies	42
In The Night	47
The Sheriff's Sale	52
Sealed Fate	57
Mr. Jones' Business Venture ..	59
The Polonaise in D Flat	65
Pericles	69
Awaiting Spring (Poem)	72
Wrangle's Race	73
Crooked (?)	76
The Thief	81
Madame Bouillard's Necklace ..	84
The Coward	89
The Signs of the Times	95
THE DAILY EGG	99
EDITORIAL	110
MANAGER'S PAGE	114
SCHOOL NOTES	115
ATHLETICS	119
ALUMNI	128
EXCHANGES	134
JOSHES	136
ADVERTISEMENTS	143

A Word From Our Principal



O you realize that this is probably the last number of "The Enterprise" that will be issued from our old home, the High School building on the hill? The next number will come out of the new home,—modern, up-to-date, equipped so as to give our boys and girls the newest and best things educationally.

We naturally expect great things of the school then. We shall have better opportunities for doing our class room work as it should be done, for developing our school activities so as to get more good out of them, for building up and expressing practically a helpful school spirit, for making better citizens, and more useful ones, out of our people. Can we do it? Can we meet our increased obligations to ourselves and to our friendly public as we should? Shall we be able to do better work in our class rooms and laboratories and shops than we did when we had neither room nor light nor fresh air nor comfortable heating? Shall we get out a better "Enterprise?" Shall we have more successful athletics because of having all our students taking part for the physical benefit of it, rather than having a few "stars" doing it all for what they imagine is the "glory of the school?" Shall we do all these things,—recite, debate, write, act, work, play, any better? If not, then our good friends who voted us the new building may have made a mistake in being so generous.

My answer to those questions is here; we shall not have any of these things better in the new building than in the old, notwithstanding the excellence of the modern equipment and the roomy grounds, unless we try hard to have them better before we get to the new building. Now is the time and here before us, in plain sight, is our duty. We have a fairly good school now, but we must have a better one in our new building. We shall, however, never be better tomorrow than we are today unless we are striving to do better today. The weak man, the ineffective, flabby, useless chap, is the one who makes no effort today, but pictures a different tomorrow when things shall be, generally better and he shall be doing great things. Does he ever do them? You know he doesn't; he only thinks he is going to do them, and that in some miracu-

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

lous manner he will have strength tomorrow, or knowledge, or will, or character, that he has not today, and that he is making no effort to get.

Spain was once the leader of all Europe in enterprise and daring, but today we see that leadership with the nations whose roots are in the colder and more active climes, where Nature seems not to have made things quite so easy for man as in sunny Spain. These northern peoples have had to fight harder in order to live and progress; this habit of making effort to overcome difficulties has carried them into the world's leadership. Meanwhile, the happy, easy living people



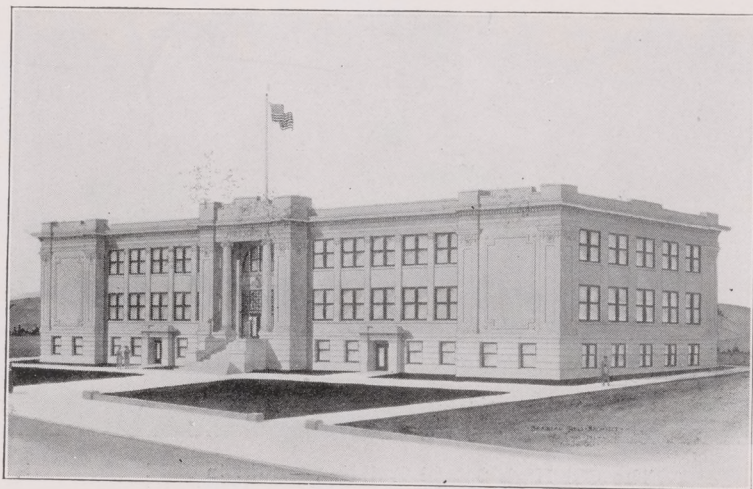
The Old High School Building—Built in 1872

of sunny Spain have made less effort to get the things they need, and have made "manana" the time for doing things. "Manana" is Spanish for tomorrow; it is always tomorrow,— never today, for any difficult task. When you recall that *tomorrow* is never actually here, you understand why the things are not done, why the desired growth is not achieved, why the new strength is never gained. *Today* is the only time there is; it is the only time that anything whatever can be done. Tomorrow will never be here; when the date that was once "tomorrow" gets here, it will be "today," and the job will be harder than it was on the earlier today that has now become yesterday. Today is the only time in which we can do the things that ought to be done.

If we hope that we shall be a better school in our fine new building where everything is to be just as it should be to make the best achieve-

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

ments possible, we shall have to be hard at work here in the old building trying to make our school better, to do our work better to achieve our daily growth in physical, mental, moral, social stature. If we propose to wait until we get into our new building before trying to be stronger and better, we shall not be stronger and better in the new than in the old old. The building has no miraculous powers by which it can suddenly invest us with a stronger character, a clearer mind or a more useful body. We shall get these things only by going after them; we must work for them consistently and evenly, as men and women must always work for anything that is worth while. We cannot postpone the beginning, for, if we do, there will not be any consummation, any arriving.



The New High School Building—in Course of Construction.

Let us then be careful to make our faithful effort every day to be worthy of the new building that is to be the home of the Petaluma High School. Let us not be careless of the old lest the new be too good for us. Let us try to have the very finest school we ever heard of right here in the old, inadequate building; one in which self control and self direction are the rule; where good order and consideration for the rights of others are always in evidence; where the wise use of time and the same development of our powers are constantly going on. Let us try to better our records in our studies, our conduct in and out of school, our relations with all the men and women, the boys and girls, whom we daily meet. If we do these things well,—and all of life is made

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

up of countless seemingly petty things,—we shall go into the new building ready to make the most of the opportunities it will present to us, and we shall before very long become justly known as the best High School in all California.

Another thought comes to me in connection with our change from our old home to the beautiful new one where everything will be right to make our best development possible. I want you to share that thought with me, and to get profit from it. This old building has served us well, and I often think that it may have served us much better than we realize. We have developed ourselves into a fairly good school in this unsightly, inadequate building, and we have had many difficulties to overcome in order to do it. It has been remotely like Lincoln's getting an education in spite of his lack of opportunity,—circumstances could not keep from him the education that he wanted. So the fact that we have had no athletic field has made us work harder to accomplish something in athletics; the fact that we had no assembly hall has not kept us from forming a wholesome, helpful school spirit, the fact that our class rooms were half their normal size and fewer than we needed, and were, moreover, badly ventilated, irregularly heated, poorly lighted, has not prevented us from trying that much harder to learn concentration of mind on the business of the class; the fact that our laboratories and shops and drawing rooms were small, crowded and poorly adapted to their use has not prevented our trying that much harder to do the good work we have done in them. We have grown by the difficulties we have had to overcome, and we have reason to be thankful for the difficulties that have called into play our straightforward manly and womanly effort. I think we may fairly claim to have earned our right to the new building with its enlarged opportunities, with its incentives to better work, with its stimulation to our interest, and, above all, with its proper call upon our sense of responsibility. For, mind, if we are not a better school in the new building than we were in the old, if we are not steadily growing in manliness and womanliness, in self control, in knowledge of the world's mental treasures, in actual desire to accomplish more and more in our regular school lessons, in public spirit and pride in our school and its good name, in regard for the rights of all our fellows, in deep patriotism,—in all the fine qualities and abilities that should mark the educated man or woman,—if we fail in any of these things,

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

then we do not deserve the fine building and equipment that our fellow citizens have generously voted for our use.

I am not a pessimist,—I could not be after having been four years with the boys and girls and teachers of the Petaluma High School. Therefore I do not believe that we shall fail to rise to the increased responsibilities which the use of our fine new building will put upon us. I believe that when we move into our new home, it will be with a spirit of thankfulness to the old for the shelter it has given us, and for the demands it has daily put upon us to control and direct our efforts so as to overcome its physical disadvantages; that it will be with a spirit of hopeful determination to make ourselves a better school by using to the fullest the lessons learned and the character gained in the old building, while grasping with a firm and hopeful hand the opportunities that lie before us in our beautiful new home.



A Glimpse of the Fair



SOFT California sunshine, the joyousness of the San Francisco festival spirit, these are enough to inspire us with eagerness to enter that city of beauty and wonder, so long dreamed of, the international exposition. We are on tiptoe with expectancy until we have passed the mysterious green hedge which hides it all from view; and then the glory bursts upon us,—everywhere color, beautiful soft pastel shades, copper green, delicate pink, terra cotta; everywhere fountains playing, flowers blooming, and towering above all tall pillars and arches, magnificent statues and massive domes in glistening beauty. The feeling of exhilaration and almost triumphant sense of having ourselves achieved something is indescribable. The mist of the fountains in our faces, we stand there, conscious that the throng about us is thrilled with the same sense of ecstasy, and more than ever conscious of the universality of it all, that this is the exposition not of San Francisco, but of the world.

And then suddenly we become aware of a glorious mass rolling upward and almost bewildering us with its richness of figures, its successions of pillars and towering of cupola upon cupola. It is only an impression which is permitted, for the eye darts first here and then there as the sun's rays bring back a response in dazzling sparks of fire. We forget to notice its features mentioned in magazine articles and lecture courses, but we know that we have seen the Tower of Jewels and caught something of its impression of mysterious, overpowering splendor.

Just whither we are bound we do not know, but we wander up and down in joyous excitement, dipping down into sunken Italian gardens, resting occasionally upon a classic bench and feeling, somehow as if carried back to the age of the Renaissance in Italy. Now we pause under a great arch, adorned with dull toned mural paintings and look beyond into the lovely Court of the Four Seasons. A still, smooth expanse of water mirrors the long colonnades and gives a dim impression of the statues, inviting us to come further. Here in soft pink lined recesses, cooled by rushing water and overgrown with vines, we find tall statue groups, typifying the seasons of the year. The autumn, the

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

winter, the spring and the summer are everywhere symbolized in statues and paintings, and most beautiful of all is the graceful statue of the goddess Ceres, looking out toward the little stretch of blue ahead of us. A soft breath of air is wafted through the long vistas of pillars and arches, giving more than ever the balmy atmosphere so fitting to our own California.

Emerging, at length, from these shadowy recesses and walking briskly down the broad marina, we somehow feel a new spirit and vigor in the air that carries us away from our dreaminess and vague pictures of the past. Here the broad expanse of sunlit bay stretches out before us; the gulls swoop down here and there with something of both sea and sky in the dull gray-blue and white of their wings. Far above, surmounting the Pillar of Progress, we see the wonderful figure of the bowman, his arrow pointed straight out to sea and the west, the spirit of conquest and achievement in every line. Our eyes, too, follow up the inspiring prospect and rest with satisfaction upon the green Marin headlands and the dimmer successions of hills behind them.

A long walk down the marina brings us to the startling realization that we have perfectly commonplace human appetites, after all. Lunch is suggested, but the suggestion is our only satisfaction for just one hour and a half. We realize that we never fully appreciate the fountain of energy until it is announced that its bountiful flow is cutting off the water supply. No coffee, no clean dishes! Nevertheless, it is quite exciting, even to a starving person, to watch the waiters tearing around with loaded trays, shedding lettuce leaves and bread crusts here and there with a thrilling carelessness.

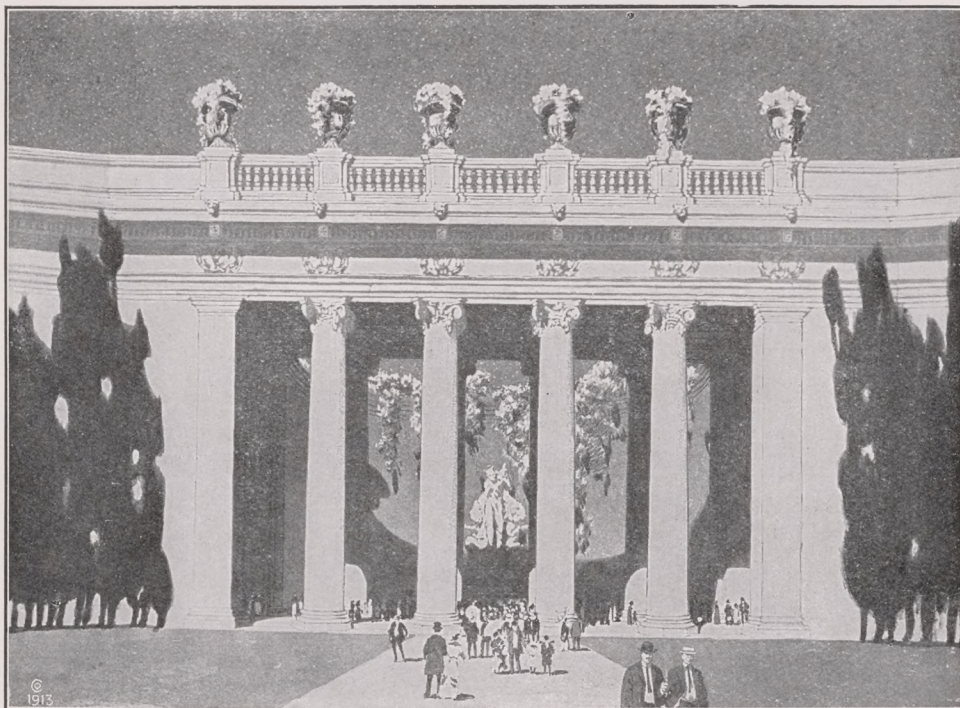
After a most hygienic luncheon of baked beans and peach pie, we drift into the Zone. The worst dreams we ever dreamt can't come up to this. Winding in and out among the caverns, jaws of snakes and huge distorted figures more absurd than even the cubists could perpetrate, we tumble speedily from our lofty train of thought and giggle most foolishly for some three quarters of a mile. Dimes and quarters and even half dollars are tempted away by charming straw hatted spielers, who lure one and all into everything from bowls of joy to a pasteboard Germany. The squeals of the delighted multitude getting their money's worth, added to the efforts of innumerable rather wabbly bands make all the confusion that the human soul could possibly desire. We are carried along in it all and it is only after a most exhausting struggle

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

through crowds and nightmare that we come back to the world of the morning.

As we walk on, the sun gradually lowers and it gives us a feeling of rest and repose to look out across the smooth lagoon before the Palace of Fine Arts. The slanting rays light the green foliage of the banks and cast an almost purplish hue over the long semicircle of pillars that guard the entrance. There lurks in the long shadowy reflections in the water and the dignified symmetry of the great dome, a certain air of solemnity and satisfying beauty, that somehow sums up the spirit of the exposition and makes us depart, glowing with inspiration and a sense of the greatness of men's achievements.

FRANCES BROWN, '13.



Motto

*"Make no excuses, but
deliver the goods."*



Class Colors

Green and Gold.



Flower

Daffodil.





The Daffodils

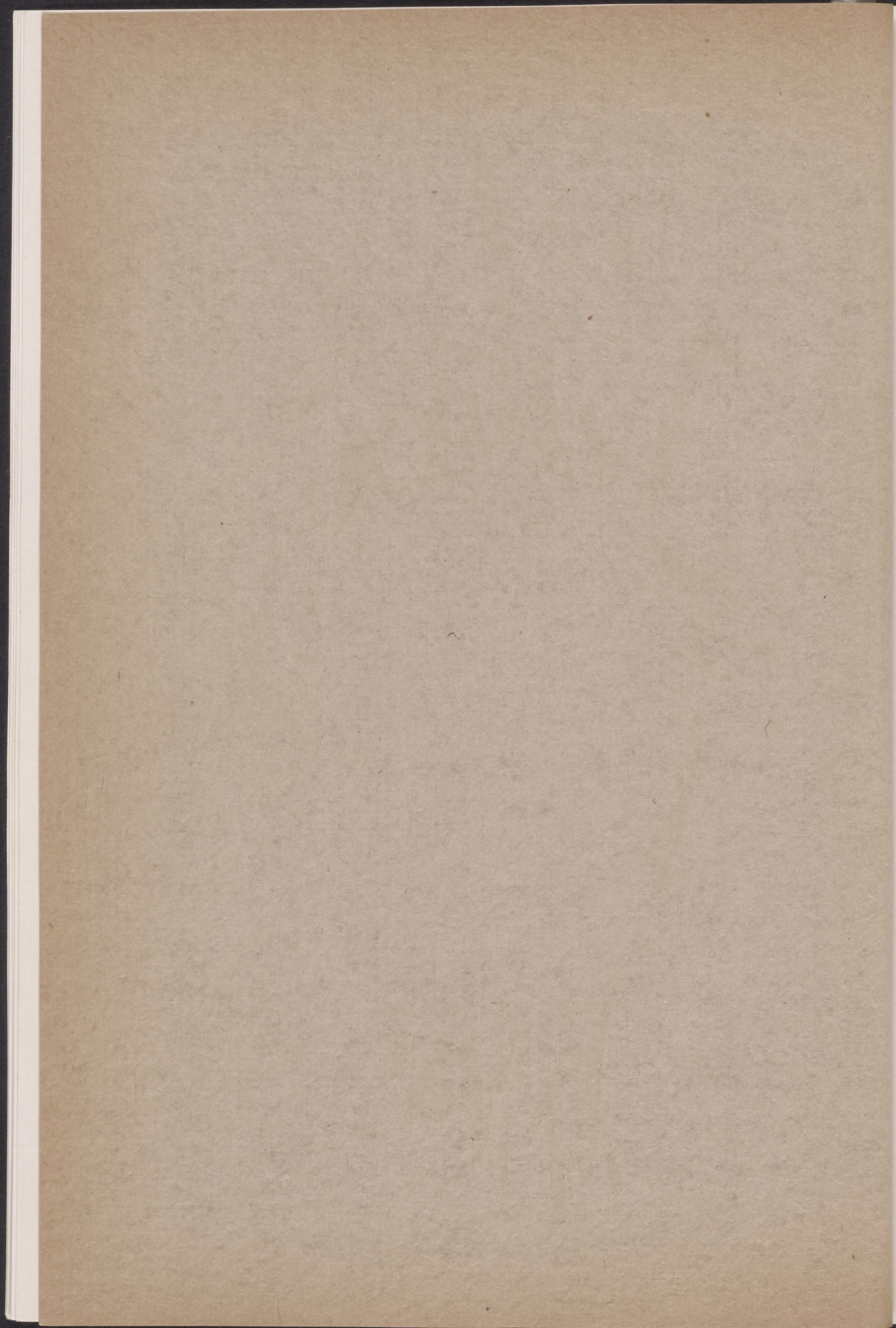


*The golden, stately daffodils
The harbingers of spring,
With dainty ruffs and golden frills
In breezes sway and swing.*

*With slender stems of silken green,
They stand between the grasses.
Their bonnets fit for any queen,
They nod to lads and lasses.*

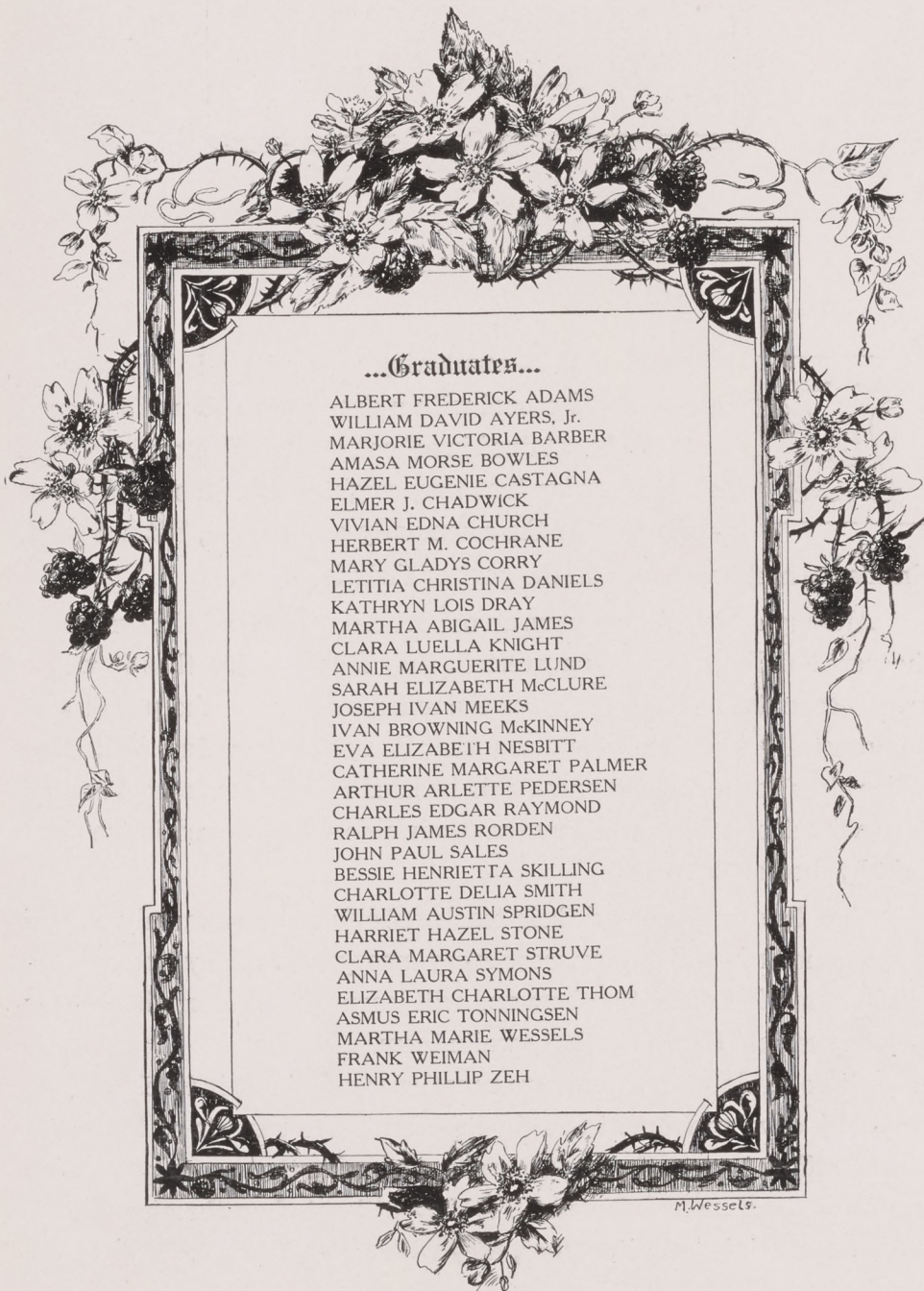
A. M. B. '15

M. M. Wessels.



"He that honors not himself lacks honor whereso'er he goes."

P. P. I. E., 15.



Certificates of Proficiency

FLORENCE MARIE GLAHN, *Stenography*

LEILA MARIE WHITLATCH, *Stenography*

STELLA OLIVE FILIPPINI, *Bookkeeping*

Class of 1915



THE Class of 1915, numbering thirty-seven in all, go from this good old school with a deep impression of the good that is to be attained in school, of the effort made in their behalf in order that they might attain this good; first, on the part of the community and second, but not least, in the earnest endeavors on the part of their teachers.

Although they will not have an opportunity to attend high school in the new building, now being erected, they fully realize that it was a great necessity, and are proud of the manner in which the people met this necessity when they realized that it was a pressing one. The entire class earnestly and unselfishly boosted for the new school and all have a touch of pride in the fact that their object was viewed in the right light by the people.

They have appreciated their teachers' efforts and can only marvel at the manner in which they meet every emergency. They know that a sacrifice is being made for them and will learn to appreciate it more as they go out into the world that awaits them.

All go out into a world where experience only is their teacher. They gradually develop from at one time receiving the benefits of the world without effort to contributing their share in order that a new generation may have the same privileges. But they will not shun the opportunity and try to shrink from it, rather, they will go forth to meet it and only too gladly.



Martha Wessels



Marjorie Barber



Ralph Rorden



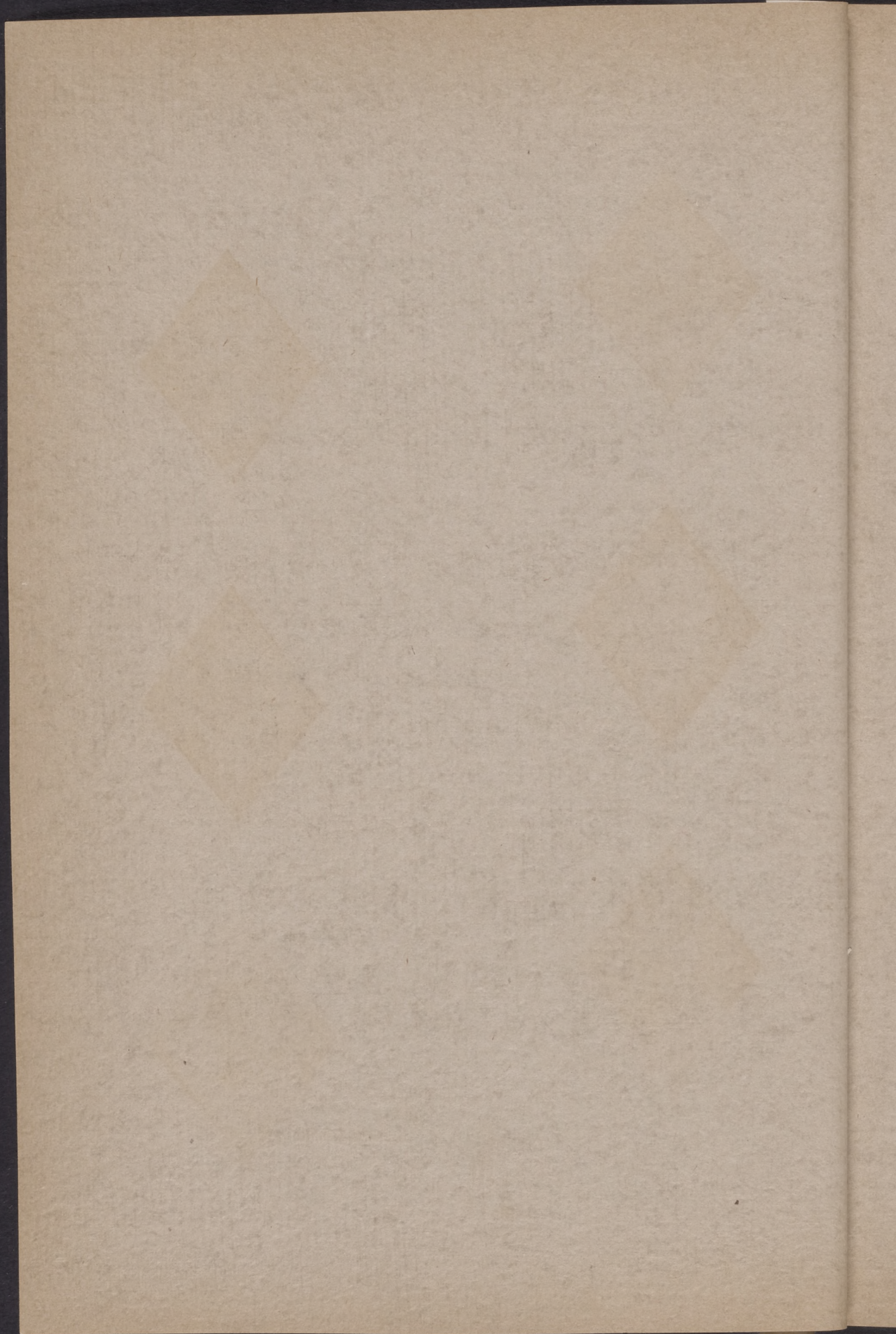
Herbert Cochrane



Gladys Corry



Eva Nesbitt





Vivian Church



Clara Knight



J. Paul Sales



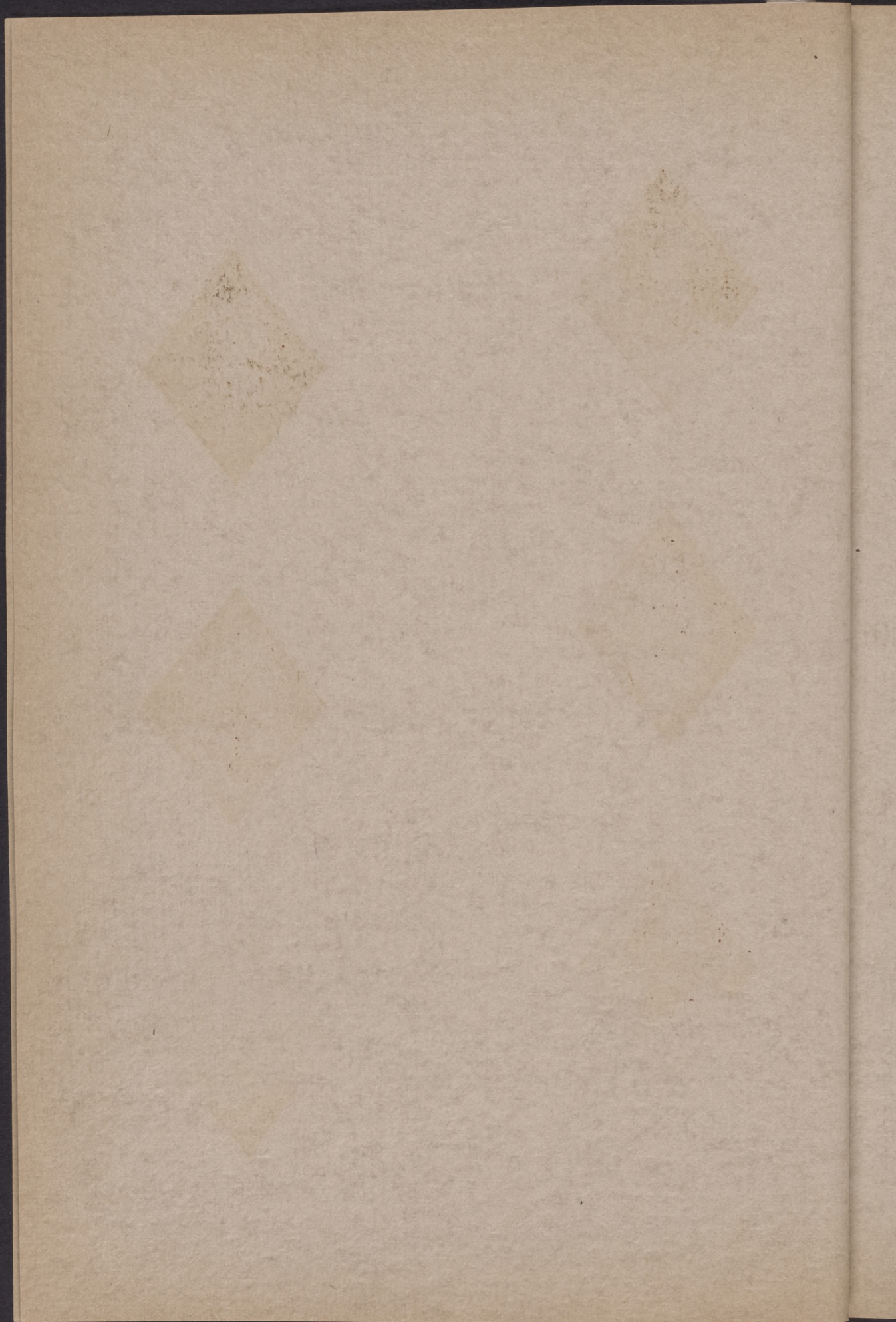
Arthur Pedersen



Clara Struve



Katherine Dray





Catherine Palmer



Charles Raymond



Ivan Meeks



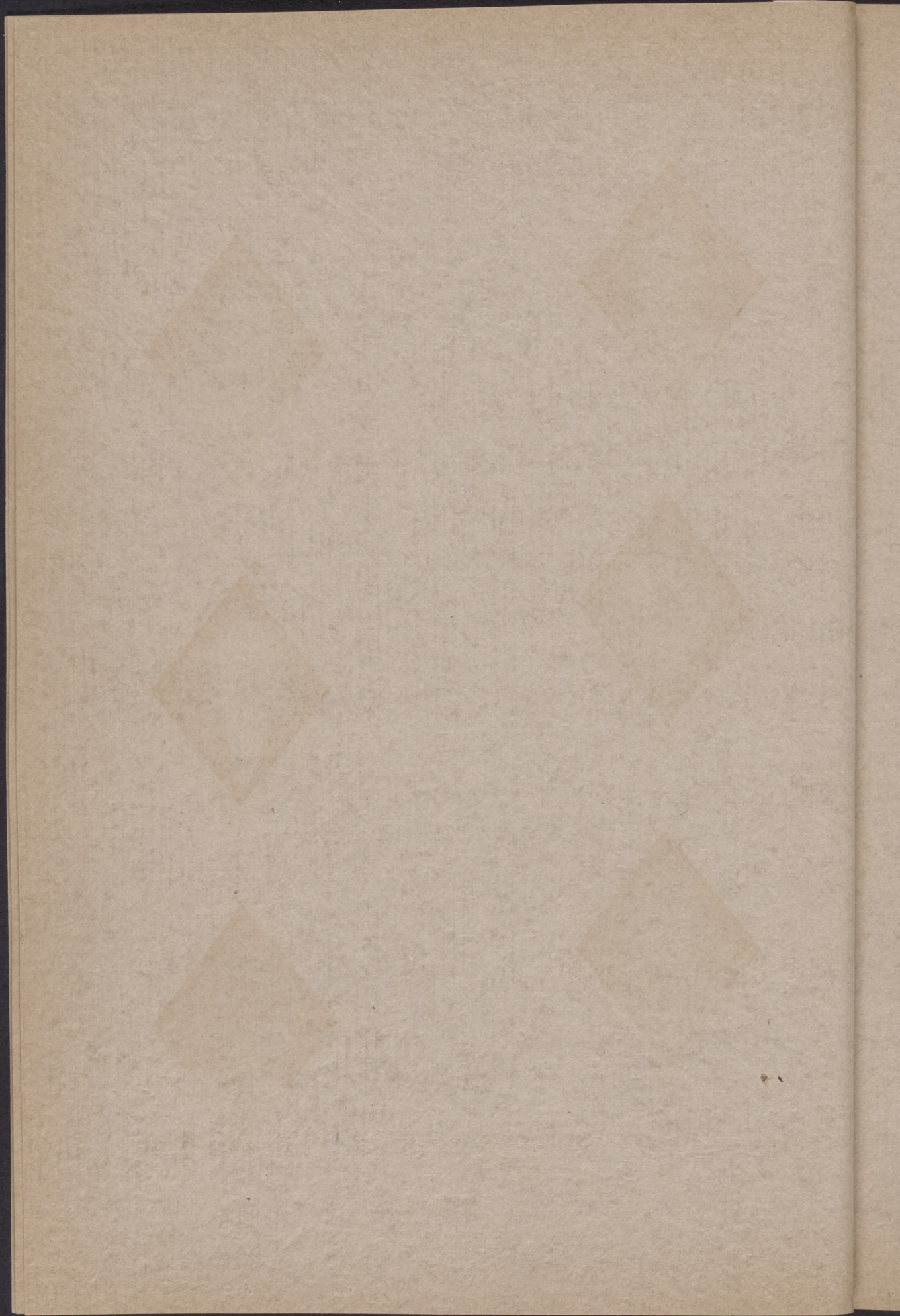
Annie Lund



Martha James



Austin Spridgen





Letitia Daniell



Anna Symons



Albert Adams



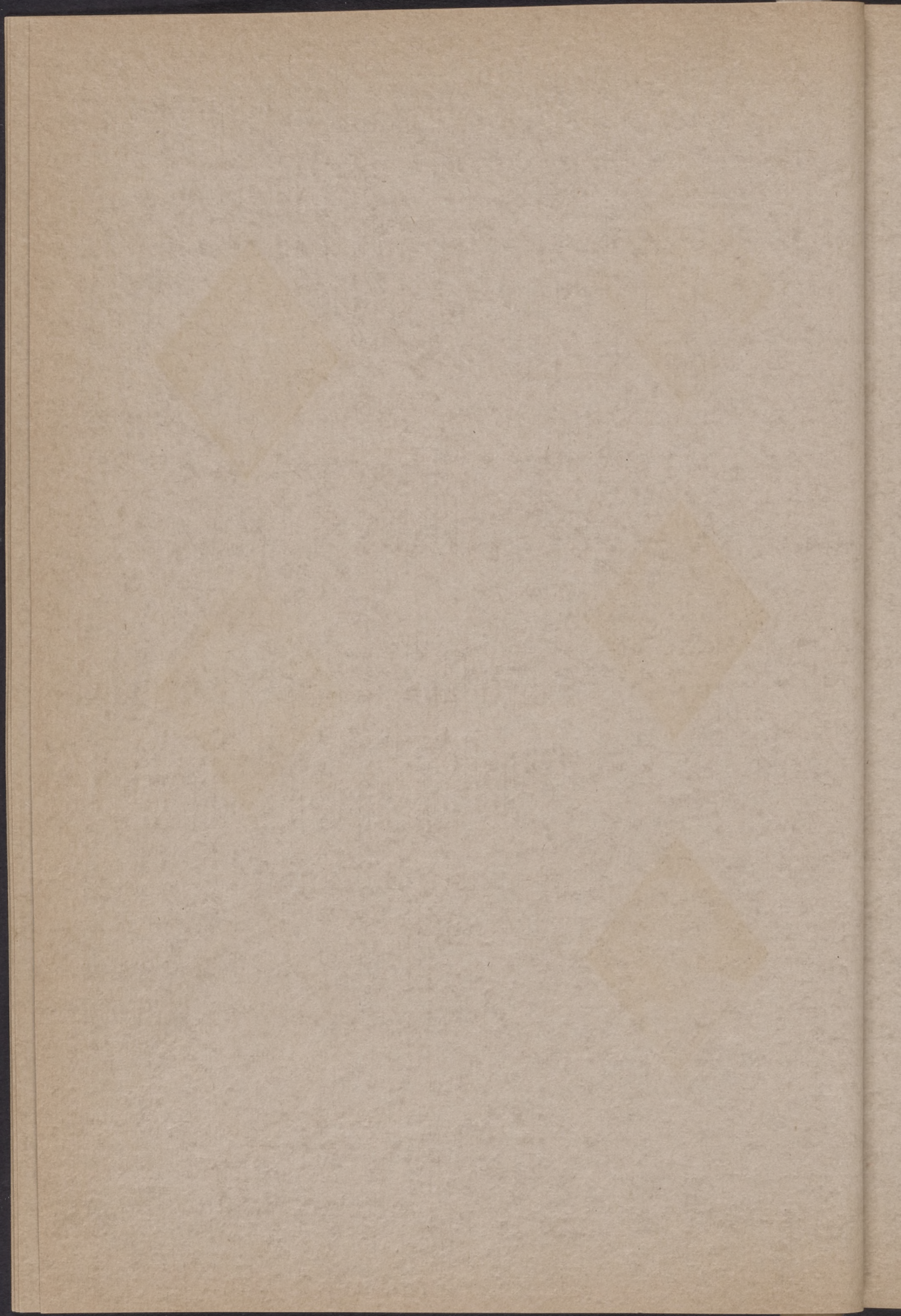
Eric Tonningsen



Hazel Castagna



Elizabeth McClure





Bessie Skilling



Elizabeth Thom



William Ayers



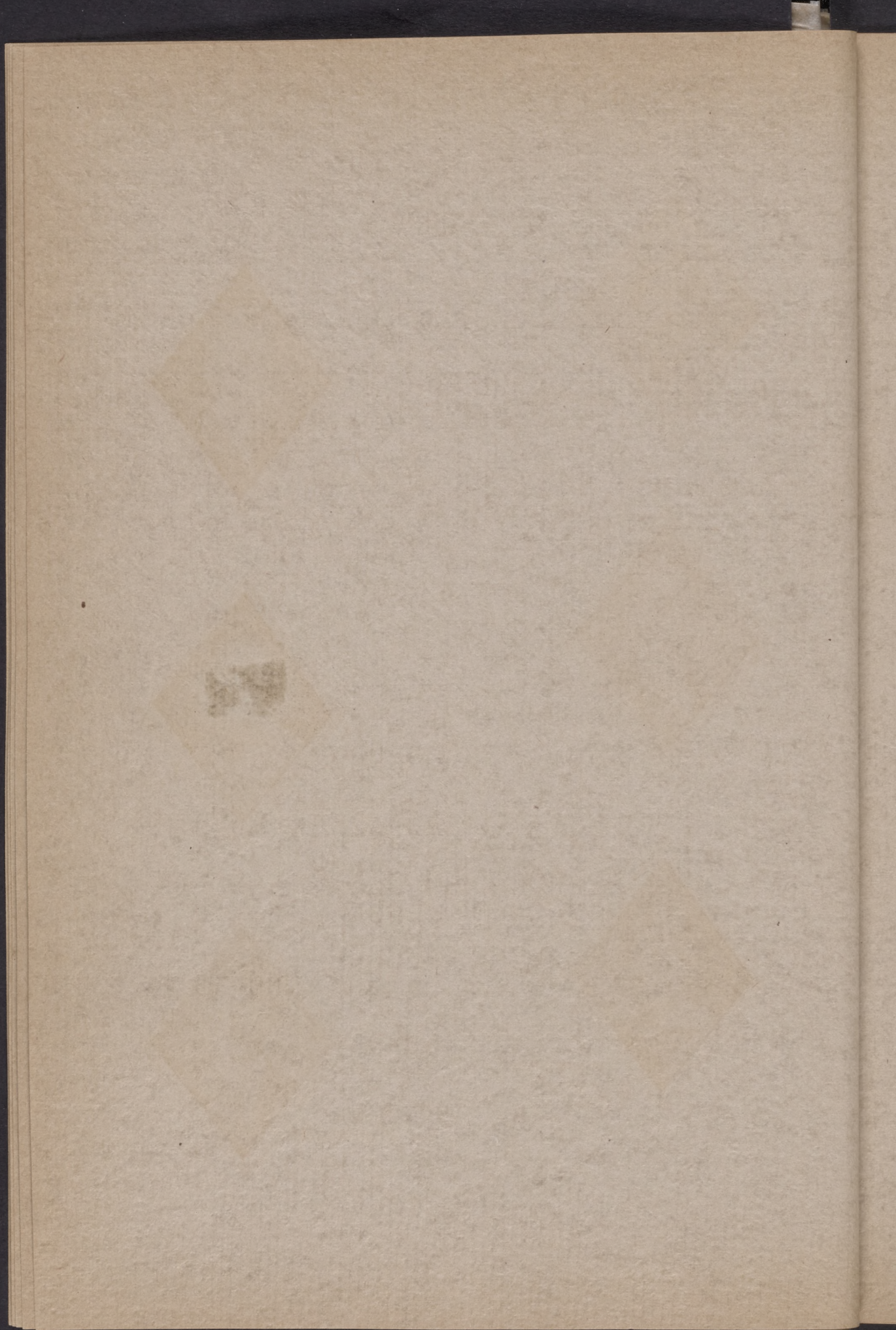
Ivan McKinney



Charlotte Smith

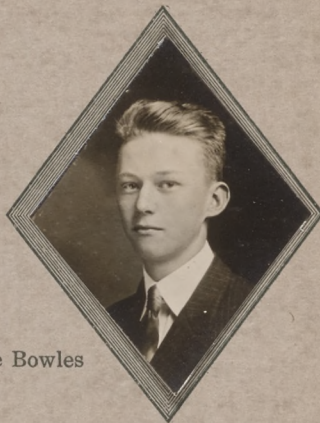


Harriet Stone





Stella Filippini
Commercial



A. Morse Bowles



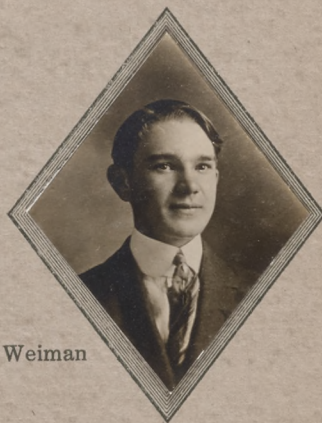
Henry Zeh



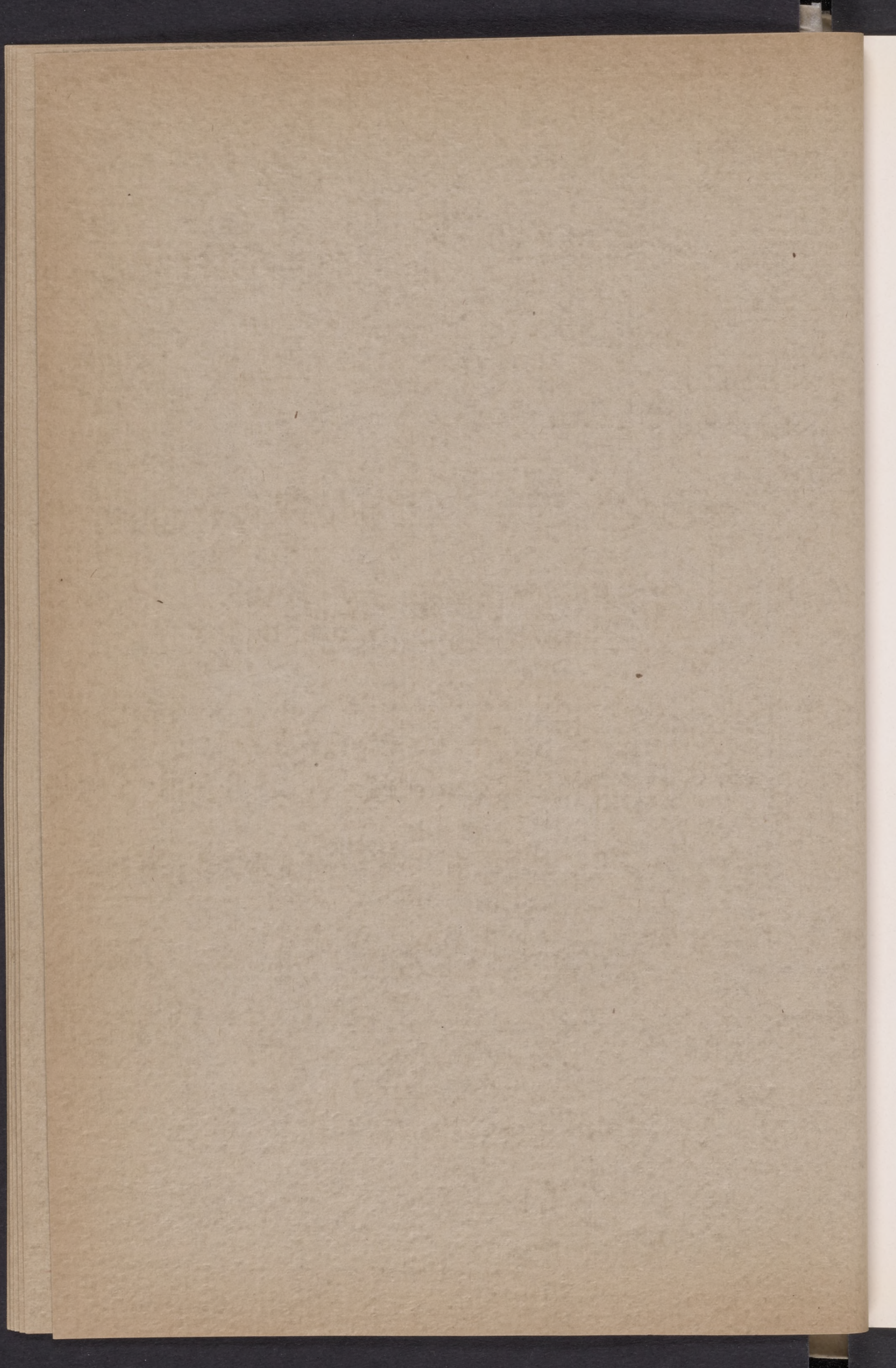
Leila Whitlach
Commercial

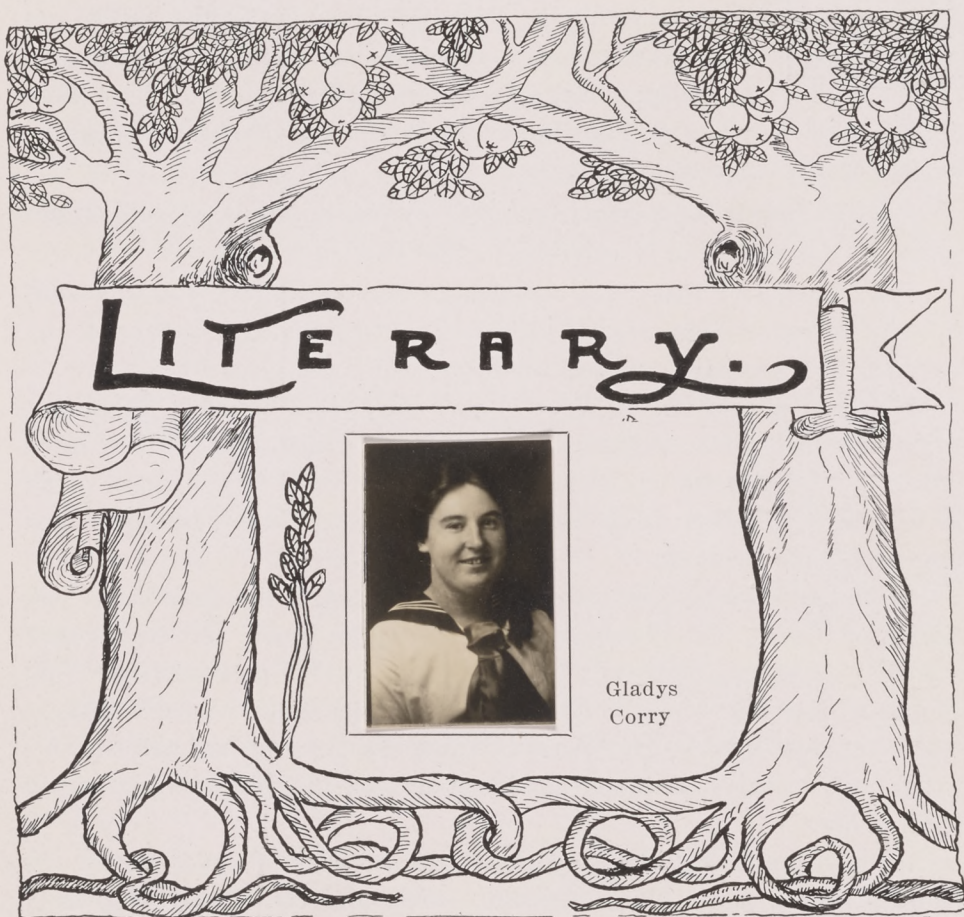


Florence Glahn
Commercial




Frank Weiman





A MORSE BOWLES '1915.

The Hostage

 R. James Hill, tall, broad-shouldered and generally alert, walked slowly, almost dejectedly, up the path to his home, and scraping his feet wearily on the mat before the door, entered. Pausing a moment in the hall to put down his grip and to hang his hat on the rack, he turned at the sound of a foot-step, and just behind him there stood a little brown-eyed, gray haired woman. Instantly his eyes lighted and the weary expression vanished.

"Hello, Tante, how are you?" he said as he stooped to kiss her. "Have you been having a hard day? You look rather tired."

"Why no, Boy dear, I'm not tired. But you know, I saw a very thoughtful expression on my Doctor's face just before he turned and saw me. If I can help any you'll tell me, won't you, Boy?"

She had always called him "Boy" since that fearful, agonizing, pitiful moment when another doctor had laid a little babe in her arms and said, physician like, yet tenderly, "A little boy,— and I guess you'll have to be his mother, Miss Rodd. Poor little girl-mother; she called him "Son" once though."

It had seemed too stern to call him James and too common to say Jimmy or Jamey. Oh, if only she could call him Son! But to her that seemed to claim a relationship too sacred save for motherhood. And so, it had been just "Boy." But what a meaning it had carried all these years, years of sorrow and years of gladness, for the boy had lost his father in his early childhood and he had been the very delight of his Tante's life.

Slowly, the thoughtful look crept into the Doctor's eyes, as though he were seeing again an unpleasant scene, and could only helplessly gaze on and lend no aid. Mechanically his words came.

"Yes, Tante,—something is worrying me; I have just come from"—he changed his mind, "Well, let us have dinner first, you know my rule, no unpleasant talk at meal time."

It was an hour later, sitting before the glowing embers of the hearth in the Doctor's study that the big, boyish man recited all his trouble to dear, old, ever-sympothetizing Tante. How he had just come

from the scene of a small boy's being nearly killed by the collision of a car and an automobile. How a cowardly, rough policeman had shoved the boy aside, and the crowd, intent as to who was responsible for the accident, had entirely ignored the little sufferer, until the Doctor had stepped up and peremptorily lifted the little fellow into his machine and driven to the nearest hospital where, of course, he would be properly cared for if Dr. James Hill had left the order.

"But, Tante, do you know there seems to be something right deep down inside that tells me I must do something for that boy. Tante, he reminds me so much of little Don across the street; just about his age too,—eight or nine, somewhere around there."

The soft brown eyes across the hearth never once left the handsome face of the young Doctor. Had she not seen that expression many times before in the eyes of another, and did she not know that it meant the accomplishment of some purpose?

The next day the Doctor returned to the hospital to see how his little patient was faring. Surely, some miracle had been performed to change the dirty, unkempt street urchin of yesterday into the attractive little lad that now lay on the white bed. Dick, as they found his name to be, was improving rapidly under the Doctor's careful supervision.

However, even though Dick's improvement was rapid the Doctor could not long afford the expense. He had become very much attached to Dick during his many visits, and so one evening, while having his usual chat with Tante, he suggested making the little fellow a member of the household. Tante never had opposed any of her Doctor's plans, so why should she oppose this one? But rather reluctantly she said, "You bring him home tomorrow, Boy, and I'll have the little room next to yours prepared for him. I'll be glad to help my Doctor in any of his good work."

Five o'clock, and Tante was waiting for the Doctor and his charge. "I wonder what the child is like — dark or fair? I forgot to ask the Doctor. Ah, there he is now."

Before the Doctor could open the door Tante was there to meet him. There he stood, his eyes beaming, as he watched the little fellow in his arms. Tante's eyes went past the Doctor to the boy. What did it mean, that startled expression of her eyes, the sudden pallor of her cheeks, the quick clutch of the door? In a moment the emotions had passed even as swiftly as they came, and left no trace beyond the trembling of

the hand and the quiver of the voice, as the almost inaudible whisper came, "Oh, Boy!"

"Why Tante, what is it?" The Doctor had missed the sudden emotions, but not quite all the effect.

Tante was herself again, "So this is your little Dick. Take him upstairs. He is heavy for you. Welcome, little Dick. Kiss me, won't you?"

Dick's ever-ready smile popped into view.

"He's getting along finely, Tante. His arm will be well in a few weeks, and his bruises are healing splendidly."

After dinner the Doctor dropped in to say good night to Dick, then went off to bed, little dreaming of the wild surmises surging in Tante's mind.

The next day Miss Rodd questioned little Dick closely.

"What is your name, Dear?"

"I'm just mostly Dick, but I think I remember when my mother was mad she'd say to me, 'Richard E. Arnold, you're just like that father of yours.' That is the only time I ever heard my whole name."

"Richard E. Arnold!" Tante was excited now. Her cheeks were burning; she could not put questions fast enough. "Where is your mother? Is your father living now? How long have you been a news-boy?" So the questions came and in their turn were answered. Each answer seemed to make Tante surer of her goal. But each had left her more excited, more feverish than the last.

The keen eyes of the Doctor needed not to look twice to see that something was troubling Tante that night.

Tante was restless, she could not wait longer, "Boy, how long will little Dick stay with us? You won't send him away yet, will you? I mean, even after he's well and strong?"

"Why no, Tante, I'd like to keep him for some time yet. We need some one to cheer us old folks up a bit." Silence, broken only by the crackling of the log in the fire-place, followed.

Then, "Boy—— Boy, you—— I suppose some day you will get married. Oh, Boy! couldn't we keep him with us always? I'll need him then, if ever."

The Doctor looked thoughtfully, keenly, at his Aunt. "Hmm, I get married? Why, Tante dear, I am not going to get married —— yet. Why what would become of all that great work I have planned to do

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

down in the settlement in these coming years? Little Dick, why of course we'll keep him. But, Tante, something has happened since yesterday that has made you nervous, excited, not quite your own self. Perhaps if I knew I could help you. Go to sleep tonight, little woman, and maybe when the time is ripe you'll open up that secret of yours."

But Miss Rodd did not sleep that night, nor the next, and perhaps a week went by and no peaceful rest came in the long nights. In the days that followed Tante seemed always to be afraid that she would lose little Dick, that soon he too would go away, even as another had done.

Tante was only human, and human-like she wanted, needed, someone to confide in. And so it happened that she told her secret to her boy, her Doctor.

When only a girl she had fallen in love with a young lawyer; had become engaged. A few weeks before the marriage, trying the case of a beautiful, bewitching actress, he had fallen a victim to her charms and proved a fickle, faithless lover. Later the wife, being rejected by his family, and domestic troubles arising, had left him, taking their child, a son who was the image of his father. The father, ruined by this great scandal, had disappeared and not long after his death had been learned of. The mother also had died after a hard fight with poverty and disease.

"You see, Boy," she ended, "Now I have his little son, and I want him so. Richard wrote me a letter before his death telling me all, and asking my forgiveness; asking, if ever I could help his little child to do so for his sake. Boy, I loved him and I want his son — his son — my son!"

M. V. B., '15.



Phil's Philosophies

There was a funny teacher man,
As wise as he could be;
His name was Solon Solomon
Methuselah McGee.

2.

He had a class of animals,
He stood them in a row,
And to each one he daily taught
Just what he ought to know.

3.

He taught the cheetah not to cheat,
The lion not to lie,
The gadfly not to gad so much,
The spider not to spy.

4.

He taught the jellyfish to jell,
The adders to add right;
Taught centipedes to earn a cent,
And the sunfish to shine bright.

5.

He taught the python to eat pie,
The puffins how to puff;
He even taught the buffalo
How to play blind man's buff.

6.

Ah, yes, he was a worthy man;
The animals avow
That had it not been for his school,
They'd all be dunces now.

A smart young fisher named Fischer,
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure;
A fish with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in;
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

When two women talk it's a dialogue; when a woman converses with her husband it's a monologue.

A canny young canner of Cannee,
One morning observed to his granny,
"A canner can can
A lot of things, gran,
But a canner can't can a can can'e?"

When Sherman said that war was hell,
None knew it better,—few as well.
Could he return just for one day
And be obliged to cross Broadway
He'd say that war was only fun
To dodging jitneys on the run.

Whole lots of fellows in this land
Who work with aching backs,
Could stand a raise in salary and
Not pay the income tax.

WHY?

When we listen to the twitter
Of the birdies in the trees,
And the whispers of the zephyrs
And the humming of the bees—
All are praising Mother Nature
For as many things that please—
Then we wonder why in thunder
She should fill a dog with fleas?

BANANAS

Bananas is good to eat. I love bananas. I can eat a hull dozen without gittin' a stomach-ache. Once I et a green banana—only once. I like big bananas best 'cause there's more to eat in 'em. I could die eatin' bananas—I almost did once. I love whole bananas, sliced bananas, quartered bananas, bananas an' cream, banana cake, banana fritters and just bananas. I wish I owned a banana farm, then I could eat all I wanta.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

I can stand for the man with the cute little bow
On the back of his green colored hat,
For there are a lot of good fellows, I know
Who sometimes have fallen for that.
The fedora of plush is a lid I don't like
It's a fad that will never be missed,
But somehow, I've always an itching to strike
The man with a watch on his wrist.

I grow peevish at times at the ladylike man,
Who says, "Mercy Me!" and, "Oh Dear!"
And the chap in the ballroom who uses a fan,
Is the chap I could swat on the ear.
The swell with the cane in the crutch of his arm
Isn't human, I often insist;
But someday, somebody is going to harm
The man with the watch on his wrist.

Garlic, O Garlic, where is thy smell!

COINING WORDS.

The esteemed weather bureau has sprung a new one. It is the word "smog," and it means smoke and fog. The bureau explains that very frequently there are times when this mixture is apparent in the atmosphere, and it considers the new word a great little idea.

Very well, "smog" let it be. But why end there? Let's call a mixture of snow and mud "smud." A mixture of snow and soot "snoot," and a mixture of snow and hail "snail." Thus we might have a weather forecast:

"Snail today, turning to snoot tonight; tomorrow smoggy with smud."

TREES.

Trees are those things that do well on your neighbor's lawn, but won't raise more than a leaf or two when you plant some on your lawn. Trees are found everywhere, but the most of them are found in the woods. Six trees make a forest; three make a grove, and one tree makes a man disgusted when he's trying to raise an orchard. There are several

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

kinds of trees notable among which are the apple, peach, beechnut, weeping willow, and family trees.

There is no tree better than the apple tree, unless it is two apple trees. The peach tree is one whose roots go far back into antiquity and produces a fruit that looks like neither her father nor her mother and of whom the envious say that they can't see what men like about her. The peach thrives best in parks and produces a fruit known as a "date." Beech trees don't grow on beaches, despite the fact that many nuts can be found there. Weeping willows grow down in the dumps. The family tree is really largely a vegetable, because after a few generations it produces the dead-beat. I could name several other trees, but I'm afraid you'd be sycamore.

Most of the fruits grow on trees. A fruit is three-fourths pulp and one-fourth worm. Two fruits that don't grow on trees are currents and gooseberries. Currents grow in rivers and the goose lays the gooseberries.

Trees also produce nuts. Prominent among the nuts are grape nuts, the nut who thinks he knows why a hen lays an egg instead of setting it on end, and Hazel-nuts. The latter generally belong to the chorus.

NEWSPAPER HASH

A Missouri editor who was brimful of hard cider, got a wedding and a sale add mixed up, and served to his readers this dope:

William Smith, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith, was disposed at auction to Lucy Anderson on my farm one mile east of here, in the presence of seventy guests including the following, to-wit: two mules, twelve head of cattle. The Rev. Jackson tied the nuptials, the least averaging 1250 pounds on the hoof. The beautiful home of the bride was tastefully decorated with a seewash calf, a spade, a sulky rake, one feed grinder, one set double harness almost new, and just before the ceremony was performed Mendelssohn's wedding March was played by one milch cow five years old, one Jersey cow, to be fresh next April, carrying a bunch of flowers in her hand and looking charming in a gown made by a light spring wagon, two boxes of apples, two racks of hay, one grind stone, mouseline deori trimmed with about 180 bushels of spuds. The groom is well known and popular young man and has always stood well among society circles of twelve Berkshire hogs, while the bride is an accomplished and talented school teacher of a splendid drove of Poland-China-pedigrees, if desired. Among the beautiful presents were two sets of knives and forks, one harrow, one wheel-barrow, one go-cart, other articles too numerous to mention. The bridal couple left yesterday on an extended trip, terms

of twelve months' time, extended to responsible parties, otherwise spot cash luncheon will be served at the table. After this Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Jr., will go to house-keeping in a cozy home at the corner of Main and Doctor R. L. Grandby, Auctioneer.

PINS

Pins are things that are conspicuous by their absence when you want one; and again are often present when you least expect to meet one of them. These latter meetings are sometimes disconcerting.

There are many kinds of pins. Some are called safety pins, because if you don't forget to lock them they won't hurt you. Then there is the hat pin, which also comes under the classification of weapons. A hat pin will do more to defend a woman than all the dignity in the world. They have made many a man feel that the impression of having met the lady previously was erroneous. Then there's the belaying pin, which is used to knock sailors down. The tie pin is another specimen. Its chief aim in life is to hide under a carpet, when wanted, and make its presence known only when you get up to walk the floor with the baby at midnight. The coupling pin is used in railroad practice. Hoboes can tell you a lot of things about coupling pins that aren't to be found in any books. Then there is the hair pin. It is best known as woman's substitute for keys. The clothes pin is an object that is seen most in backyards and on some women's nose at nighttime. It is inoffensive. There are several other kinds of pins, including the terrapin. The latter is best avoided by the student who is making a study of pins.

The best known pin is the common or household pin. It is made of brass, which may account for the forward, familiar way it has with us at times.

The purpose of the common pin is to save women many a tedious task of sewing on buttons. Women use them everywhere in their clothing, except women who have serious thoughts on matrimony. These women avoid using them in the vicinity of their belts. Experience has taught most women this precaution. It's rather disconcerting to a modest woman when a man expresses his sentiments toward a pin he unintentionally discovered in the back of a girl's belt.

Some pins are like some people—their heads aren't a first-rate job. Again the resemblance is true where the head is unusually solid. And yet, again, there is a close similarity between certain pins and certain pins and certain speakers—there isn't much point to either.

Pins are also used to secure good luck with. You find a pin and pick it up and all day long you have good luck, if nothing unfortunate happens. They are also superstitiously supposed to be useful in breaking up friendships that have run too long. You put the pin in your friend's chair, business end up. Few friendships can endure after that.

In The Night



ERN Fielding read the note again to be sure that she had read it aright. It half-bewildered her. Could it be true that she was invited to a real, live house-party at a real summer home in the mountains? It scarcely seemed so, but it was. As soon as she convinced herself of the fact, she ran to tell her mother the splendid news.

"Oh mama, mama," she cried. "I have an invitation to Belle's houseparty—and Belle is engaged!"

"You don't say so," ejaculated Mrs. Fielding, taking the note from Fern's outstretched hand and reading it slowly. Fern thought she never would get through.

"Well, well," she said at last, "so Belle is engaged and is going to have a house-party to celebrate. How lovely!"

Belle and Fern had been chums at high school and had kept up their friendship by correspondence during the four years that Belle had spent in college, while Fern was obliged to stay at home and help in the care of a large family; for Belle's parents were wealthy and Fern's only in moderate circumstances.

"Fern, dear," continued Mrs. Fielding soberly, "I don't see how you're to have any clothes. The little I can spare will not be enough to buy very much."

"Now don't worry about me and my clothes, mother," Fern hastened to reply, "if I may only have a new pair of gloves and a little ribbon and lace, I am sure I can fix up things first rate."

"You certainly may have that much, Fern, and I will help you all I can with the 'fixing up' ", replied the mother happily.

On a sunny afternoon a week later the train stopped at the little stone station in the mountains and Fern Fielding alighted. As she turned toward the baggage room, she was interrupted by a tall, handsome young man who took her suitcase from her.

"I am Phil, Belle's brother," he said by way of introduction, "and from the description my sister gave me, 'medium height, slender, black hair, big black eyes, and pink and white complexion,' you are Miss Fielding."

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

"I am afraid your sister was trying to fool you," laughed Fern, "but I am Miss Fielding, nevertheless."

"Just wait a minute and I will have your baggage," Phil continued, as he helped her into a large touring car.

How Fern did enjoy that ride to the summer home! The refreshing mountain air seemed to blow right into her and fill her with a bouyant spirit. She arrived at Moon-light Grove, flushed and gay, and tendered her congratulations to the charming hostess in her sweet, impulsive way, and was then introduced to the other girls. All were as genial as could be except one, Evelina King, who gave her finger tips to Fern as if she were afraid of the nail polish being rubbed off, and murmured, "Cha-armed."

The following days were full of sunshine and flowers and birds to Fern, who enjoyed herself to the utmost. One day Belle planned to go wild-flowering, and all took up the project with enthusiasm, except, perhaps, Evelina. When they were about ready to start, armed with large baskets and a tempting lunch, Belle happened to glance at her engagement ring and said to Fern, who was standing near: "Fern, don't you think I had better leave my ring at home? We shall be 'roughing it' today and the stone might get loosened or lost."

"Yes, so it might. I will take it back for you. I left the twine on the porch and will have to get that anyway."

"All right, Fern, thank you. Just lay it on the little stand in the hall. Never mind about taking it upstairs."

Fern was soon back and the little party started out on the wild-flower expedition.

It was late when they returned and all were very tired from the long tramp, but they had had splendid success and were well contented. That evening Phil Vane received a telegram to go to the city on business. The girls were sorry that he had to leave, for he was "such a jolly fellow," as they put it, but he said it would only be for a few days. He informed them that he would be off before any of them were awake next morning, so they bade him good-bye, and as all were tired they went to bed early.

The next morning Belle awoke sooner than she expected. As she reached out her hand to raise the blind she noticed that her diamond ring was gone! "Oh, how foolish I am," she thought immediately, "I had forgotten that I gave it to Fern to put on the hall stand."

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

When she was dressed, Belle went down-stairs to get her ring. It was rather dangerous to leave it there all night, she thought, but there was no one to take it. She looked on the stand, but it was not there. "I suppose mother or father has picked it up and put it away," was her next thought, "or maybe one of the servants." She asked them all, but no one had touched it. Then she decided that Fern must have misunderstood her and put it some other place. She knocked gently on the door of Fern's room and was answered by a sleepy, "Come in." As she opened the door Fern tried to smile at her, but a yawn mingled with it made out a rather wry smile and both girls had to laugh.

"I hope I didn't wake you," said Belle, "I knocked very gently."

"Oh no," replied Fern, "I was just waking up. It is too lovely a morning to sleep anyway."

"Why, Fern Fielding, look at what I nearly stepped on," exclaimed Belle, picking up a dainty kimona, "did you leave your kimona lying in the middle of the floor here? I never knew you to do a thing like that before," and Belle tried to look very serious, but the twinkle in her eyes betrayed her.

"I did no such thing," laughed Fern, "I hung it up before I went to bed last night."

"Then how on earth did it get there?"

"Spirits, spirits," sang out Fern. "Throw it at me, Belle."

Fern donned it, jumped out of bed and ran to the open window. "See how beautifully the violets are growing," she cried, plucking one from the window box. The violet had a drop of dew in its center that sparkled in the sun. "It reminds me of a strange dream I had last night," she said. "I thought I was following a bright star that led me on and on until it finally disappeared. It was such a strange sensation."

This recalled Belle to her errand and she asked; "Fern, where did you put my ring yesterday?"

"Why, I put it on the stand as you told me. Isn't it there?"

"I couldn't find it, but I suppose I didn't look well enough."

"I put it right on the silver tray."

"All right. I'll look again."

Belle did look again, but of course she did not find it. She waited for Fern to appear, but even she could not locate it. A thorough search was made in the hall and as that failed to bring it to light, Belle

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

reluctantly consented to have the servants' rooms searched,—but to no avail.

As the day wore on and the ring was still undiscovered, Evelina confided her opinion to two of the other girls, not forgetting to mention the fact the Fern had had it last and that she was alone with it.

“Why, you don't mean to say that you think Fern took it,” they exclaimed in protest.

“Of course I do,” asserted Evelina, “who else did? You just wait and see?”

That evening all the girls were gathered in Fern's room to watch the sun set that could best be seen from her window. The gorgeous array of coloring held the attention of all. But Evelina's attention was suddenly drawn to something else. Her hand, that was resting on the bureau, felt a hard object beneath the scarf that covered the bureau top. She felt of it again, turned back the bureau-scarf and uttered an exclamation. All eyes were turned upon her and followed her gaze to ——the ring!

Fern neither spoke—nor moved, but only stared, wide-eyed, while a sick feeling gradually took possession of her as she began to realize the situation.

First anger, then pity, and then love strove with Belle. But finally the latter conquered and she threw her arms impulsively about Fern and cried out, “I will not believe it, Fern. I know you did not take it.” And she was sincere, for the longer she thought of Fern's ever up-right nature, the more positive she was that this could not be. But with the other girls, who had never known Fern before, it was different. Although they all, except Evelina King, who held herself aloof, tried to be as friendly as before, Fern's sensitive nature could detect a change.

In the days that followed there was no sunshine, no flowers, no birds in all the world —— to Fern.

On the third day a telephone message was received from Phil that he was coming back that evening. He was not in the house very long before he noticed that something was wrong and he asked his sister about it. She led him aside and told him.

“Oh, I have it!” he exclaimed, so loud that everyone turned toward him expectantly.

“Have what?” asked Evelina.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

"Why, about the ring. You remember the night I had to leave—— you girls retired early on account of your long tramp and I was up late getting things ready to start. I was about to step into the hall for a book I had left on the stand when I noticed Fern standing there. Just then she turned around and something in the expression of her face caught my attention. Her eyes were staring straight ahead at something she held in her out-stretched hand, and in this manner she started toward the stairs. I immediately realized that she was walking in her sleep and the object she held in her hand was evidently the ring."

"Why of course, of course!" cried Belle. "You have often told me of your walking in your sleep when you were especially tired." And Belle caught the amazed and happy girl by the arm and whirled her around the room.

"And that explains my kimona lying on the floor and the strange dream I had!" cried Fern breathlessly.

A little while afterwards, as soon as she could free herself from the other girls, Fern wandered out into the moon-lit grove. She felt as if she must be out-doors a while to relieve her doubly exultant spirit.

"Who's there?" she cried, as someone appeared ahead of her on the path.

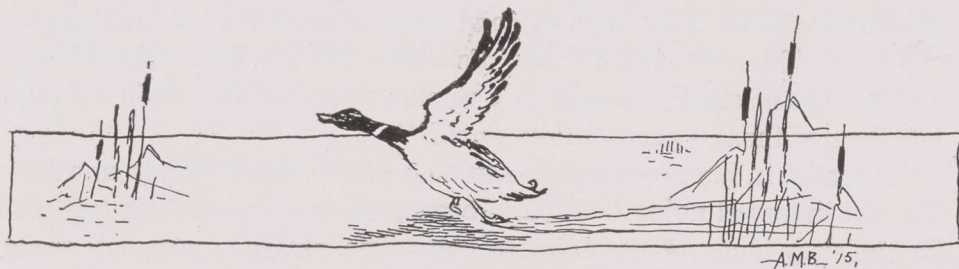
"It is only I," said the clear voice of Phil. "Fern, look at me. I have something to tell you. You stole my heart the same time you did the ring. You were so beautiful. Fern, will you—— is there any chance for me?"

"Oh-h dear," breathed Fern happily.

"Of course I'm a dear and you're a darling." And he slipt a sparkling solataire upon the little, trembling finger.

The moon went behind a cloud. The rest could not be seen.

L. A., '16.



The Sheriff's Sale



O one was greatly surprised when it was announced that Lyman Hart's home and household effects were to be sold at auction by the sheriff of the county. He had failed and now he was to be "sold out." Many of his neighbors said they were "dreadfully sorry for the Harts, but it was all Lyman's own fault."

Old Harold Dake, the richest man in town, and one who had never been known to give away a dollar, said sagely, "It's all very well to talk of gen'rosity, but there's such a thing as being just before you're gen'rous, and I've told Lyme Hart so many a time. No man can give as recklessly as he did and keep a roof over his head. Charity's all right, but the place for it to begin is at home. There aint been a week in the past ten years when Lyman Hart aint had some one hangin' on to him that he'd ought to have sent to the poor house. And now he is being sold out because he can't pay his taxes, nor the mortgages on his place and furniture."

Harold Dake did not add, but everyone knew, that he held most of the notes and mortgages Lyman Hart could not pay. They knew that these notes and mortgages called for a higher rate of interest than old Harold Dake could have exacted had he not taken advantage of Lyman's extreme necessity. They knew further that Harold Dake had long coveted the Hart farm because it adjoined his own, and that he secretly rejoiced over the distress which enabled him to take the farm from Lyman Hart.

Even his kinder and truer friends were of the opinion that Lyman Hart had not been wise. "He has taken in and done for them that has no earthly claim on him," said garrulous old Ann Haskins, who had known Lyman from his boyhood, and whose sorrow for him was sincere. "What earthly claim did his cousin's widow and her three children have on him that he should keep them a whole year after his cousin died and left them without a penny in the world?"

Lyman, in his great generosity, had often loaned money unwisely. He had indorsed notes for others because they were unfortunate, and he had very many of the notes to pay. The generous man had recognized, possibly without sufficient carefulness, the high law comprehend-

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

ed in the words, "Bear ye one another's burdens." This had made him a brother to anyone in trouble, and opened his heart to every cry of the needy. And now he was to be sold out under the red flag of the sheriff!

Every one knew that old Harold Dake would bid on the house and farm, for he held the heavy mortgages upon them, and there was no one else in the neighborhood able to buy them. The household furniture, live stock and farming implements were also to be sold under a chattel mortgage, and the good man and his wife and their children would be left almost penniless.

Lyman had a cheerful, hopeful spirit, but it is not to be wondered at that he was much cast down when the day of the sale came. He was saddened as much by the knowledge that those he had trusted had been untrue to him as by the loss of his belongings. His plans for the future were vague and unformed. He was not fitted for anything but farming, and he did not wish to engage in any other occupation. He would, he said, "begin over again," but he did not know where or how he was to begin.

The day of the sale dawned clear and bright. There had rarely been a fairer day in June. The long piazza was filled with furniture and all sorts of household articles, soon to be scattered far and wide. People came in large numbers to the sale, some tramping heavily about in the dismantled rooms, and some even peeping into the closets and drawers.

It was ten o'clock and Ben Jarrold, the big auctioneer, was ready to commence the sale from the big porch. With his sleeves rolled up and coat off, he looked prepared for a hand-to-hand job. Soon he began it by saying: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, how much am I offered for this fine property, worth six thousand dollars if it is worth a cent? Fifty acres of it are under cultivation, and one hundred more in pasture and wood-land, with a good ten-roomed house and fine barn and other buildings thrown in. Here they are, ladies and gents. The place would be dirt cheap at six, or even seven or eight thousand dollars, and I'm offered—how much?"

"One thousand dollars," said a small man with a squeaky voice, standing directly below the auctioneer.

"One thousand dollars," roared the auctioneer. "Put that man out! If I hear an offer of less than four thousand there will be trouble!"

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

"Four thousand dollars," called out Harold Dake, in his bold, harsh voice.

"Now that's something like it," said Ben Jarrold, "but it isn't enough. It's worth eight thousand——and this minute."

In the outskirts of the crowd a man whom no one knew called out, in a loud, distinct voice, "Five thousand dollars!"

Every one turned to look at him. Old Harold Dake started and stared at the stranger with a scowl. His mortgage was for four thousand dollars, and he had expected to bid in the farm for that sum. His savage glance did not disturb the stranger. He was a tall man, not over thirty, with a smooth, sunburned face.

"Now that is something like it, ladies and gentlemen!" roared Ben Jarrold. "But it's not near its value. Am I offered six?"

"Five thousand one hundred," called out Harold Dake.

"Five thousand five hundred," said the stranger, and poor Lyman Hart's face began to brighten. This would enable him to pay his debts and save his furniture and farm implements.

Dake's face was dark with rage as he snarled out: "Fifty-six hundred."

"Fifty-nine hundred!" called the stranger coolly.

"Six thousand!" almost shrieked Harold Dake; whereupon the stranger called out: "Seven thousand!"

"Aha! This is something like it!" exclaimed the auctioneer, gleefully rubbing his hands. "How is it, Brother Dake? Will you make it seven thousand five hundred?"

Dake hesitated a moment, but although he loved money, he loved his own way too, so he said savagely: "Yes, I will!"

"Good enough," said Ben. "And now will the gentleman——"

"Eight thousand!" exclaimed the stranger; whereupon Harold Dake, live with rage, mounted the piazza steps and called out, defiantly: "Who be you and how does any one know you are making a real bony fide bid? There's some trick about this! Who be you and what proof have we got that you mean what you say?"

The stranger came forward and mounted the steps, and stood on the other side of Ben Jarrold.

"My name," he said, "is Harvey Mercer, and here is evidence of my good faith."

He drew forth a large leather wallet bulging with bills, and held it up for all to see. "Some of you," he said, "remember David Mercer, who lived here years ago."

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

"I do!" cried several voices at once.

"He was my father and I was born on the old Mercer place down by the ferry, about two miles from here. Lyman Hart and my father were boys together, and when, after they were men, trouble came to my father, Mr. Hart befriended him in many ways. He became security on a note of fifteen hundred dollars, and the first mortgage the generous man put on this place, I am told, was to raise the money to pay that note.

"My father went to the West, where he engaged in mining, but for twenty-five years he experienced nothing but ill luck. He knew worse poverty there than he had ever known here, until three months ago, when, in Western parlance, he 'struck it rich'.

But his good fortune came too late for him to enjoy it. While preparing for a trip East for the purpose of making restitution to his creditors, he was taken ill, and died after a week's illness. Among his last instructions to me was a request that I should come East and pay Lyman Hart the money due him with full interest. More than this, he charged me to add to it any sum that might be needed to free Lyman Hart from debt. I was solemnly urged to do this to show my father's love and gratitude to one who, he said, was a friend of the friendless, and a helper of the helpless. My friends, I am here to pay that debt."

There was a wild outburst of applause, in the midst of which Lyman Hart stumbled forward and put his arms around Harvey Mercer and his bearded face on the young man's shoulder. When the applause had died away, Harold Dake, his face a picture of baffled desire and fierce resentment, said, sneeringly: "All right, young man, but it won't be very long before Lyman Hart will be sold out by the sheriff again, if he's as big a fool in the future as he has been in the past."

"When that time comes, we will hope that some other man who owes him a debt of gratitude will come to his aid," said Harvey Mercer; and the crowd cheered again, while the discomfited creditor stalked down the steps, thumping each step savagely with his cane.

In ten minutes Lyman Hart's neighbors, men and women, were at work putting down carpets and carrying in furniture; and old Ann Haskins said to Susan Marsh, as they made a bed together in one of the bedrooms that had been restored to order:

"I allus have thought, an' I allus will think, an' I allus have said, an' I allus will say, that the Lord don't allow any good deed to go unrewarded. He puts it down in the book of His remembrance, an' some time, an' in some way, He lets it be known that He aint forgot it."

"I reckon you're right, Ann," said Susan.

"I know that you are," said Lyman Hart, who chanced to overhear what Ann had said.

E. M. N., '15.

Sealed Fate



THE long, dark hull was slowly gliding through the icy waters of the far north. The sun was quietly dipping into the magic waters of the Arctic, sometimes hidden by a massive iceberg, which sparkled and gleamed like a mountain of diamonds. The hull with its towering masts and sails kept moving through this mysterious silence, a silence never before pierced by the voice of man.

Again the sun had set, having hovered but one brief hour at the water's edge, and now again all was darkness, until climbing above the edge the great yellow moon began its trip across the sky.

As the soft, mellow light of the moon fell on the features of the tall man leaning against the rail of his ship, it revealed a man of about forty-five. His face was bearded and gaunt; his nose was thin and straight, and his eyes were grey as the clear, grey steel. He had been talking to his companion, a man much younger than himself, a splendid looking fellow with clear blue eyes and a chin and jaw that showed a will of iron and indomitable determination. This was the young explorer known among the Eskimos as "The Brave One," but at home better known as Jacob.

Through the long, still winter night Jacob and the captain had been talking of their hardships in the eighteen months they had been on their polar voyage with their two Eskimo guides. They had followed the sea till it froze and then had left their ship in the cove of a small, unexplored island, trusting it would be there on their return.

During these days the sun was beginning to pierce the perpetual night and rose in splendor and glory, shedding a soft light of purple and gold, which melted to lilac and rose on the cold snowy slopes, dispelling the chronic gloom of the long winter night. It had set almost as soon as it rose, while the sky changed to a blue and eventually was fired with flames of red. Then slowly the great blazing globe sank into the sea of fire-flushed ice.

For many long nights and then through the long summer days they had traversed this mighty globe of ice, where the temperature was fifty degrees below zero. During their northward travels Jacob would walk

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

on ahead, breaking the rough ice and finding a path through the sea of ice, which at times crushed and roared, heaving up like mountains. At night they would build an igloo and in the morning would again trudge northward, watching the supreme glory of the Aurora flame over earth and frozen sea. With skeins of running liquid fire, she moved over the sky in a shimmering panorama of blazing beauty. Forms of fire, indistinct and unhuman, appeared and vanished. From the horizon to zenith, cascades of milk-colored fire shot over the sky, as must the magical fountains of heaven.

Then after many weary days of traveling, their voyage to the northward was ended. They had traveled the frigid pathway of three centuries of heroic martyrs.

But the moon had long since vanished behind the distant icebergs that guarded the horizon. Now it was not many days from home and a thrill of joy passed over them at the thought of their return; every wave and billow seemed an old friend welcoming them home.

They were passing the islands and for two days they had been in a dense grey fog, but the ship drove silently on. Sometimes through the night the indistinct moan of a distant foghorn was heard, and this told them of their nearness to their own country. In this fog the captain would picture his welcome, his interview with the king, his glory and fame, and the glory and fame he would bring to his country.

The days passed on and the coast loomed into sight. Now in a few hours, just before sunset, they would arrive in their own dear city to be welcomed by those who had thought them dead in the frozen north. Around one more point and the harbor would come in sight.

Jacob stood in the bow, dwelling on the greeting of his country, and on how his dear mother would rejoice and father and sister and brother and —— a great lump rose in his throat —— a certain face he loved so well, whose eyes would be filled with tears of joy and who ——

The two went up to the deckhouse to get a better view of the lowlands, over which they could see for miles. They had not long stood there when they noticed that the lighthouse was gone. This was strange, but then a violent storm might have wrecked it; that had happened before.

The small towns along the coast came into view, but were somehow strangely disfigured. The church spires were not visible, as they had been while passing this same place many times before. The houses

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

appeared to be mere skeletons, which cast irregular shadows as the sun dropped low. No herds were seen in the meadows and the village looked like the ruins of forgotten ages.

A vague fear was creeping into their hearts. What could have happened? The ship passed on and the sun was getting lower. Now they had passed around a small point and a nameless horror met their eyes. Before them lay a great city in ruins. Their city, their home, was devastated.

Walls were all that was left to greet them at their journey's end; in the streets lay the broken cannons which had brought terrible ruin. The city was deathly still. Their king was gone, their people were killed.

Their ship alone sailed into the harbor, a harbor strewn with mines, and suddenly their fate too was sealed by the black lips of that terrible monster, War.

The explosion was heard for miles; their ship was torn from stem to stern, and once more the sun set on Belgium.

H. Z., '15.

Spring

The brown buds thicken on the trees,
Unbound, the free streams sing,
As March leads forth across the leas,
The wild and windy spring.

Afar from cities' noisy ways,
Blossoms in beauty rule;
Along the fields there hangs a haze,
And April winds are cool.

This green and freshly blooming earth
Proclaims that May is here,
And nature in her glad new birth,
Bursts forth with welcoming cheer.

A. M. B., '15.

Mr. Jones' Business Venture



BENEZER JONES, you just come right here this minute, the idea of your laziness. Keep on aworkin' there, sir, and finish that job; we've got to get to town this afternoon." The speaker was a large, robust woman of about twenty-five, whose sunburned and rather masculine features were shaded from the fierce rays of a hot August sun by a broad brimmed straw hat. A man, who had been reclining in the cooling shade of some nearby trees looked up rather sheepishly, and, seeing from whence came this disturbance, arose with alacrity and continued to work at the job he had evidently abandoned.

The job which had been allotted to him, was not a very agreeable or genteel one, to say the least, as whoever has scattered manure knows, especially with the thermometer hovering around a hundred and five degrees. Ebenezer had been engaged at that task for an hour or so, but the pile did not seem to diminish appreciably. Becoming discouraged, and tempted by the cooling shade of a tree nearby, he had yielded, and was indulging in a quiet nap when rudely awakened. No further incentive was needed, and Eben set to work with renewed energy and later completed the job.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones had been married for three years. Perhaps it should be written Mrs. and Mr. Jones, for Mrs. Jones directed most of the affairs of the Jones family, domestic, financial, and executive, and indeed, might be termed the party of the first part. Ever since their marriage she had assumed this leadership, being naturally aggressive and also possessing remarkable managerial ability, besides being very shrewd in conducting business negotiations. In addition she had a tendency to be quite conservative, and in avoiding being fooled, which of all things she detested, would sometimes not accept innovations unless she fully approved of them.

During the first days of their married life, the man, as managers will, had been disposed to assert himself. But since he preferred harmony to discord, she, by her aggressiveness had assumed the reins of leadership. Eben thought this had gone too far when she attempted to instruct him as to how he should vote. A casual observer might surmise

he was slightly henpecked, but either Ebenezer or his wife would be deeply grieved should this be suggested. The two got along fairly well together, and as Eben was as good a farmer as his wife, commonly known as Sally, was a manager, their farm had prospered in the three years they had owned it.

The job being finished, Eben hitched up the horse, and the two drove off to town, a distance of two miles.

Higgins was a small town, little more than a village, situated at the junction of three roads, in the midst of a fertile farming district. It consisted of about a hundred houses, sparsely scattered along half a dozen streets, which were merely roads. The principal business houses were centered within a single block of one of the streets, whose name, "Main Street," was displayed in a conspicuous place and labeled in large bold letters. Higgins was also located on the railroad line, and the accommodation train stopped there four times daily. The arrival and departure of trains was probably the noisiest thing that ever occurred in the town. City men could not have gone to a quieter place for a suburban residence, but for some reason, Higgins had never attained any reputation in that line. This was probably due to the excessive heat that prevailed there during the summer season. During the afternoons then, the town literally slept to all outward appearances. Business was temporarily suspended, and everyone either indulged in a siesta, or at least discontinued all work.

On the main street of Higgins, a few stores shared the trade of that vicinity. The most noticeable of these was a three story building with a large sign "Dale's General Store" hung above the entrance. It combined hotel, saloon, postoffice and general merchandise store in one. Everything from dry goods to dry gin, or from lumber to salt pork could be obtained there. The establishment was the oldest in town, and its proprietor, besides being the most popular man, was mayor of the town. The place was a rendezvous for a certain exclusive group who were old cronies of the owner. In winter they sat before the tavern fire, and in summer on the porch, talking politics and current gossip.

As Eben and Sally entered Higgins that afternoon, expecting to find scarcely a soul about, they were considerably surprised to see a group of people gathered around Dale's store. As they approached they beheld a redfaced, coatless young man perspiring freely in the hot

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

sun, addressing a crowd of idlers with flowery and persuasive eloquence.

As the stranger paused to wipe the perspiration from his face, they took their places at the outer edge of the crowd. They learned that he was representing a certain mining company which was being promoted, and that he was here to sell stock for this corporation. His arguments, like those of many other get-rich-quick spielers, seemed reasonable and practicable and his tone and bearing seemed earnest and sincere. But for some curious reason the crowd did not appear to be affected, despite all the powers of reasoning and oratory the agent could bring to bear. Many soon drifted away, while those who remained became openly hostile. They grew so menacing that the stranger made an abrupt conclusion; but he did not make a single sale.

Eben alone had become enthusiastic over the project, and thought Sally would surely agree, but when he turned toward her, she apparently anticipated this, for she said determinedly, "No siree, we will not; that fellow thinks we're a lot of rubes and suckers but we'll show him that we're not. I'll tell you more about it later." Eben knowing it was useless to argue further, gave it up for the time in dismay.

On the road home, Eben was not inclined to speak but he was doing a lot of thinking. Suddenly Sally broke in on his reverie, "You see Eben, it was about ten years ago. I remember Pa atelling us about it. Once one of them slick guys has come up from the city with some stock to sell just like this. My, but that fellow was smooth. The proposition, as he put it, looked good enough, but it was such a swindle, we've never heard of our money yet. So you're not going to let 'em fool you again are you? Not if I got anything to say about it, I reckon."

Eben stoically held his peace but was not convinced by any means. The opportunity appeared mighty good to him and had it been during their early married life he would have "gone the limit," regardless of the consequences. But ah! such a thing could not be, he had been a back number so long. The practicability of it, and the certainty of its success had made such an impression upon him that he could not relinquish it.

Next morning Sally was called out to attend to a sick neighbor, saying she would probably be out all day. Eben being left alone, happened to be in the kitchen. As he was there an idea occurred to him. Sally kept their savings in a jar, back on the upper shelf of the pantry, for

she was afraid to trust it to the banks. Here the clearings of each season's crop would be carefully and systematically recorded and these earnings had gradually accumulated until the hoard amounted to a considerable sum. Only she knew exactly how much, as she was the holder of the family purse strings and she jealously guarded her rights. Sally would not change the accounts for three months and Eben felt comparatively safe. "Besides," he assured himself, "she'd forget all about it when she saw the dividends. I know her, she likes money."

As the pantry had always been a forbidden place to Eben, it became now irresistible as with mingled awe and dread he tiptoed to that almost sacred place. Acting as though every jar had an eye vindictively watching him, he clambored nervously on to a high stool and groped around in the semi-darkness for the right jar. He managed to reach it at length, and having removed the cover, he thrust the whole of its contents into his pocket.

Just as he was doing this he heard footsteps on the walk outside. They became louder and louder and what is more they were a woman's! Eben stood paralyzed with fear and tried to think of some means of escape, but he could not concentrate his thoughts; fear had taken possession of him. The steps were approaching, they were almost at the house. The strain became too great and his nervous fingers released their grasp on the jar. It fell to the floor with a resounding crash which reverberated through every room of the house. The short, tense silence which followed was painful indeed, but he was too dazed to realize anything.

He was suddenly brought to his senses by a knock at the door. "Saved!" he gasped. "Sally don't knock," and he emitted a long drawn sigh of relief. He was right, for upon opening the door he found that it was not Sally. He returned to the pantry and carefully cleaned up the broken glass, and also did his best to remove all other traces of his incursion.

He then quickly hitched up the horse and drove off to town. On the way he began to perform some mental calculation; "H'm, let me see; that city chap says the shares sold for a hundred dollars apiece. But I forgot to count the money." He drew it out and carefully counted it,—something over six hundred dollars. "Tolerable heap o' money that," he continued, "most I've handled since we paid the mortgage off the place. That'll make six shares, an' if we get any kind of luck

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

like the agent"—suddenly a horrible thought seized him. Was the agent there yet? He quickly whipped up the horse and soon arrived at the town. Dolly must have broken the mile trotting record for plugs, at least she received plenty of encouragement.

He stopped at Dales, and rushing breathlessly into the store inquired for the agent. He was told that the agent had just gone off for the station. Without more ado he followed after. There his man was, just turning the corner! He soon caught up to him and asked rather timidly, "Can I buy any of that there stock?" The agent looked at his watch and replied, "I guess so, but hurry, I just received a telegram to hurry home." The transaction was soon closed and Eben received a bit of paper as a receipt. The agent said as he started off, "You'll hear from us within three months."

With the receipt in his possession, Eben was entirely at loss as to where he could safely secrete it. He considered his entire future welfare depended upon its safe keeping, and it seemed of the utmost importance to him that it should not be lost or discovered. Every place he could think of, the house, the barn, even his clothes were unsuitable, for Sally knew all these better than he did himself. There were few things she did not notice. Finally he recalled a place that seemed to be secure, the hayloft.

The hayloft had always been his rendezvous and place for concealing things. Sally, however, had gradually formed some misgivings as to the purpose of this place, especially when Eben and a certain companion were accustomed to make occasional visits here, and Sally sometimes imagined she could detect a strong foreign odor arising from Eben's breath. She once threatened to investigate the matter, but there was one draw-back to this, the rats. Sally hated and feared rats. So Eben placed his precious document in the hayloft.

Sally returned that evening unsuspectingly and appeared absolutely ignorant of Eben's adventure.

Days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months; but they were long, dreary, anxious days to Eben,—days of weary waiting and expectant hope. Every action of Sally's became a cause of dread and apprehension to the guilty mind of Eben. The summer had passed, autumn had come and the crops were being harvested and sold. Eben, however anxious and hopeful he might have been, strove to put on a very unconcerned demeanor and endeavored to please Sally by his

diligence. Before, he had been wont to become lax and lazy at times, but now his zeal for work surpassed even Sally's which was "going some." Sally was puzzled by this businesslike manner and industry.

One afternoon after a month had passed Sally ordered him to hitch up the horse. "What for?" queried Eben. "One of the neighbors has just been telling me of a reduction they have made in the calico at Dale's. It used to be ten cents and now it's eight and I need three yards for a new apron. But hurry up and hitch up, I haven't got time to stand around and talk with you all day." "Aw," expostulated Eben, "that's nothing, you'll only save six cents, that'd no more'n buy an Owl cigar; besides I need Dolly to sow the wheat; it's worth one sixty a bushel now and we oughta make hay while the sun shines." But Sally had the last word as usual and also her way.

Ebenezer seemed to be so influenced by the get-rich-quick scheme, that he was inclined to overlook all minor profits whereas before he would seldom offer any objections to anything that Sally proposed. This was only one characteristic instance of the attitude he held toward Sally's former petty items of thrift. He had become so imbued with monetary schemes that he was constantly building air castles. With the aid of the little brown jug he tried to keep up this optimistic mood.

He dissuaded Sally from making up her quarterly accounts until the pigs were fat, but the pigs had to get fat and the final Saturday came and to the market they went. Calling at the postoffice, all the fears of three months subsided when he was handed an official looking letter. Upon opening, it was found to contain seventy-five dollars and a letter telling of the doubling of the value of the stock.

Overpowered, he showed the letter and check to Sally and made a clean breast of all that he had done. Sally looked at him a long time, and then said, "You Ebenezer, what would the folks say if they knew"—and she burst into tears. After a time she continued brokenly, "It may be tainted money, but Andrew Carnegie didn't work for all of his." Eben felt deeply ashamed but he didn't regret the transaction.

It was hard for the Higgins townspeople to realize that Ebenezer Jones really could have been successful in such a scheme, until, one bright day Eben and Sally came bowling along down Main street in a little automobile. It was a quiet little town for some time, especially at Dale's for all the cronies were thinking hard.

E. G. P., '17.

The Polinaise in A Flat



HAD just begged Amy not to do it, but she would not listen to me. I knew Herr Weitzmann would catch her. But there she sat, calm as you please, drawing caricatures on the back of her music. Something in Miss Hensel's playing had struck her as funny and she had sketched Miss Hensel with a halo around her head, a ridiculous wiggle to her spine, and the keys flying wildly in all directions; while the Master sat wrapped in the most killing admiration. Miss Hensel was said to be his favorite pupil, although I did not think he was partial to anyone.

Amy's lesson came next and I hoped that because Miss Hensel had had such a good one, he would be in a good humor for Amy's. I felt rather sick when she got up, handed him her music and the money for her lesson, and seated herself at the Bechstein grand. She seemed to have forgotten all about the pictures on the back of her music.

"What play you, mein Fraulein?" he asked, turning over the music in his hands to see. Of course he noticed the pictures the first thing. Up went his bushy eyebrows, his lips took on a sharp curve, and he just looked at her. That was all.

"Ah, I see. The Fraulein plays artiste." He looked at her sharply. "It would be a good thing to remember the danger of playing with such a fire."

Amy said nothing. She bit her lips, but did not flinch. The Master asked her again what she was going to play. She told him that she had Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, a Clementi study, a Bach prelude, Beethoven's D Minor Sonata and a Scherzo of his own.

At the mention of Clementi, he looked at her quickly and grunted, "So, Fraulein Artiste has condescended to bring a study? It is good. A little technique may be useful to even the greatest. Bitte, Spielen Sie." Amy played.

Now this Clementi etude is not so very hard, but tricky. The rhythm tempts one to come in too soon on a beat, and most of the accents are to be done with the weak fingers. Not even Amy's talented bluff could get it. I held my breath. But Amy rubbed her hands with

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

her handkerchief and then rushed into the study. Every note, accent, and every shading was there. So the Master could not but see that she had worked. He looked somewhat surprised, and then pleased against his will, but he tried to hide it. "Not without rhythm," he said thoughtfully, "but I think you mentionel a Scherzo from me."

"Yes, Herr Professor, I did not think the notes would be necessary."

"Hm. Do you expect me to remember everything I ever wrote?" he blazed out.

He fumbled about in his music stand for some time, and finally brought out the piece and asked Amy to play it. It went pretty well, too. He stopped her at nearly every other measure for some suggestion, but he was keen enough to see that she had worked hard. I was glad he took plenty of time with the Scherzo. How I prayed that the Beethoven Sonata would come next and take plenty of time, so they would not get to the Polonaise. The latter was one of Amy's star pieces, but had got all full of kinks from careless playing. It was such things that made the Master fairly writhe. I nearly swooned when she said she was going to play it.

Sure enough; the Sonata came next and oh, how she played it. It began with dreamy chords like a wood spirit sighing. Then came a pattering of rain drops; then the approaching storm clouds and the rush of wind. Herr Weitzmann leaned forward, his head sunk on his chest, his eyes closed. Every now and then his fingers stole softly over the keys of his piano, in a kind of unwilling sympathy with Amy. Everybody in the class was listening in dead silence.

The last chord came, with liquid flowing arpeggios, then the last note, a faint whisper in D Minor. The Master stood up.

"Ach, Gottes willin," he stormed, and walked over to the window.

"What are you? genius or fool, solch ein Talent, and then you commit such a crime against it." As he said these last words he pointed to the caricatures on the back of her music.

Amy did not say a word, but she turned white, and her eyes shone like live coals. She tied her handkerchief in many intricate knots and even tore it into shreds without realizing what she was doing. Everyone had tears in his eyes.

The Master turned from the window with a sigh. Then he sat down at his piano and turned to Amy. "Also the Polonaise," he said.

I could scarcely breath!

"Is it not too late, Herr Professor?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Aber nein," he answered rather kindly. "Spielen Sie."

Amy suddenly looked sick. She fidgeted with the music rack, and screwed the stool up higher. She sat down. With a terrific crash she began the Polonaise in the wrong key. Instead of A flat, she began in the key of the Sonata.

The Master looked at her questioningly. She dashed off the chromatic thuds, transposing as she went; but soon came a hopeless tangle and stopped. She looked at the Master.

"Werzeihen Sie—that is the wrong key." So-o-o-o? What might have been the key the last time the Fraulein noticed?"

She tapped the floor with her foot. "I know. Just a moment."

Herr Weitzmann stared at her in a way that would paralyze anybody's memory. You could have heard a pin drop in the studio. Amy sat there helpless.

He got up, walked around her and looked curiously at her. At last he said, "Maybe A flat. It goes not badly in that key."

Again she tried. She played the piece badly. On the whole it was not much better than a scramble. The Master stood behind her watching. Suddenly he leaned over her and caught her arm, jerking her hand from the keys. "Those are not Chopin's notes. They are yours more than his. What do you mean by such impudence to your composer?"

He stormed back to his piano, and began to play. Heavens! what a performance! It was, to be sure, the theme of the Polonaise, but what he did do to it! He mixed it up with the most outlandish nonsense, exclaiming all the time that this was the way Amy practiced. First came the love theme of the novel she was reading while she practised, while the chords of the Polonaise were kept up in the left hand. It was fiendishly clever and we all sat like wooden images listening to the performance. Amy was even as spell-bound as the rest of us. Then she jumped up, white to the lips.

"That is an insult. In America no gentleman would dare——"

The Master faced her.

"Impudent. I could swear that you have not looked at the Polonaise for a week. It is in such a way that you learn."

He snatched the piece from where it lay on the music rack and tore it into small pieces.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

"My impudence does not desert me," cried Amy proudly, and snatching up the Scherzo and some of the Master's other music, tore them and threw them at his feet.

I swallowed hard, for I knew what was coming. Edith sobbed. It meant Amy's ruin. Her career was as good as dead.

Her dismissal came quietly, and in low tones. She leaned against the wall with her arms folded. She turned and left the studio. I rose to follow, but Herr Weitzmann gave me only one look, and I sat down.

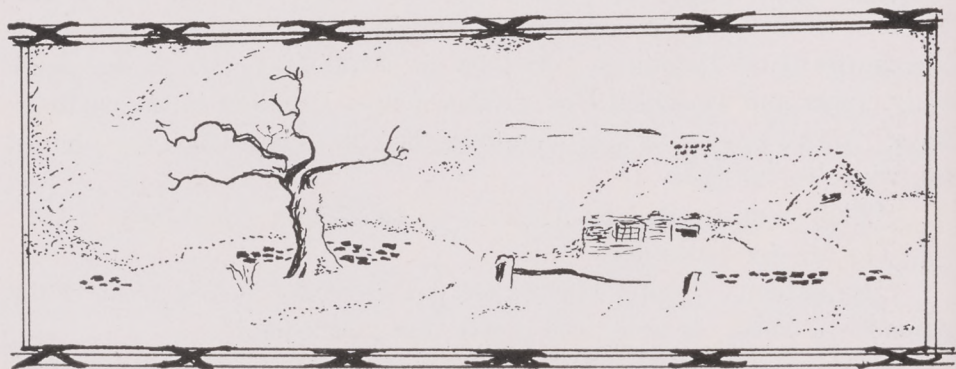
"Who is next?" he said in what seemed to be a calm voice though we all knew that he was deeply moved.

A young man went to the piano and began to play. In the middle of it the door opened and Amy entered with wide, staring eyes. She looked as if she were walking in her sleep. She groped her way to the piano. The Master stared. Amy sat down, and started the Polonaise playing it through with only a few slips. At the last chord the Master sat in a trance. Amy struck the opening chord over again—in D Minor. She began the wrong key putting in staccata notes with the left hand for the Master's voice scolding her. Then she went through the thirds, seeming to break down, and began all over again in the right key imitating the Master's playing.

When she finished, she went over to Herr Weitzmann, looking at him with beseeching eyes.

He was at his piano, his back turned to the class. He had his elbow on the piano and his head in his hand. His face was hidden and he neither looked up nor turned his head. He just reached out his hand blindly and took hold of hers.

D. B., '16.



Pericles



WHEN "Pericles" came to the Prentiss home he presented a most bedraggled, univiting appearance. Evidences of rough usage and association with the outcasts of dogdom were not lacking. One ear had recently been sadly damaged in some sanguinary conflict; and the pathetic droop of his tail denoted a spirit broken by adversity.

There was an unnatural gravity and air of wisdom about him quite at variance with his otherwise disreputable mien, and to this he was indebted for his name. Five year old Phyllis discovered him, lying exhausted near her gate, and out of the abundance of her love and sympathy succeeded in half-dragging, half-carrying him to the house. At that time brother Robert—theretofore known in the family as "Bobbie"—was resting at home after his arduous freshman year at college, and with characteristic sophomore genius, dubbed his dogship "Pericles," in honor of the brave Grecian, then much admired by the collegian.

To Phyllis, the Greek name was a mouthful, and in her lisping pronunciation, the aristocratic title degenerated into "Perry-fleas" and so remained to the end of the chapter.

Neither did he belie his name, for his thick, shaggy coat seemed to be a favorite abode of a choice collection of pestiferous irritators.

The appearance of profundity which procured for Perry his classic appellation, proved, upon better acquaintance, most deceptive. If ever a dog was a fool-dog this canine vagrant answered this description to a nicety. Of courage, he apparently had never been possessed, and seemed unable to acquire it. But there must have been some commendable trait in Perry, because, from the outset, Phyllis regarded him with a deep, but not silent, adoration. In turn the waif held the entire household, from masterly Robert to pater familias, as subjects of her Royal Highness, his little mistress, Phyllis. Toward the others he manifested mere tolerance; to Phyllis he was a devoted, abject slave.

Perry proved a decided nuisance, and but for the high regard in which he was held by the child, his sojourn with the Prentiss family would have been brief. Always underfoot, with a well developed ten-

dency toward petty thieving, and paws that left muddy tracks on Mother Prentiss' otherwise immaculate floors, Sir Pericles was held in small esteem by the baby's mother.

After a tiresome, exasperating day, during which Pericles had performed rather worse than usual, Mrs. Prentiss complained to Father Prentiss, "I am almost persuaded that that dog was created for the thorn in my particular side. Were it not for Phyllis, his early demise would cause me no grief."

In the neighborhood where the Prentiss family lived were several friends who kept a few hens to supply the family larder with fresh eggs. Shortly after the advent of Pericles there was a decided murmuring among the neighbors, as hens and chickens began to disappear. While the dog was never discovered in the act, circumstantial evidence would convict him of the charge of hen-slaughter. Threats of annihilation freely uttered by those dispossessed finally came to the ears of Mr. Prentiss. In fact, one evening after a hard day in the city, as he and his old time friend, Tom Grant, were riding out to their suburban homes on the trolley, his neighbor dropped the hint:

"Henry, do you remember how we used to 'can' vagrant dogs when we were boys?" Mr. Prentiss smiled, as the recollection of some boyish prank came to his mind, and nodded his head.

"Then," said Grant, "I think the time has come to take some decided action with reference to a certain dog in our neighborhood."

"I don't blame you for losing patience," replied his friend, "but I trust you will wait a few days, as we expect to take Phyllis to the mountains next week."

Glendale, where Phyllis and "Perry-fleas" lived, was a substantial suburb, fringing off into a farming country. The Prentiss home and Moreland residence were at opposite ends of the town. But the distance did not prevent Robert Prentiss from making frequent calls at the Moreland home. Pretty Sybil Moreland accounted for his visits and his elaborate preparations for such occasions seemed to indicate that his heart was in the business. Several times he took sister Phyllis with him, a fact which caused Mrs. Prentiss considerable amusement. She already understood the situation, but wisely made no comment.

Preparations were under way for their annual pilgrimage to the mountains. All were busily engaged in packing the thousand and one things necessary for vacation use, when Mrs. Prentiss suddenly dis-

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

covered that Phyllis was not about. A search of the house was made, but she was not found. Neither was the dog anywhere in evidence. Immediately all were alarmed, as the child was never allowed to stray far away. Mr. Prentiss started out toward the business section of the town, while Robert, remembering her visits to Sybil Moreland, rushed in that direction.

As the latter approached the Moreland home he met Sybil, driving her new electric, and quickly explained to her his mission.

At her suggestion, Robert entered the machine and they turned about and sped toward her home. As they were turning into the driveway they met a small boy coming from the opposite direction and asked him whether he had seen the missing child and her dog. The boy said that he had noticed a little girl and a 'mongrel pup,' as he termed Sir Pericles, going through the gate into Farmer Jones' pasture at the edge of the town.

Roberts heart leaped into his throat as he remembered that a vicious bull inhabited the Jones pasture. Sybil crowded her machine to its full speed, as they rushed toward the Jones place. They arrived quickly, and Robert vaulted the fence. There a sight met his eyes which he never forgot—an angry bull, a frightened baby, and between them a dirty disreputable dog. As Robert called to Phyllis the tragedy occurred. The bull rushed toward the child. She cried out in terror. When the child's shriek reached the dog's ears that worthless cur, noted for naught except cowardice, seemed suddenly to become a very lion. The hair upon his neck rose into an angry crest, he gave one ugly yelp and hurled himself at the approaching animal. The bull lowered his head, and poor Pericles was impaled upon his horns. This seemed to stagger the animal and diverted him from his purpose. At that moment Robert arrived, snatched dear little Phyllis to his breast and ran back to safety. When she was deposited in the machine with Sybil, she began to cry, "Perry-fleas; me want mine Perry-fleas." Robert returned to the fence and saw a quiet form lying in the field where the battle had taken place. The bull had gone into the woods at the farther end of the pasture, so Robert went in and tenderly taking the dead dog into his arms carried him to the machine.

Upon their return to the Prentiss home, the rescued child was greeted with tears of joy, and the story told by Robert made one and all look upon the inanimate body of Pericles with great respect.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

That evening, as the sun was sinking in the west the remains of the brave little animal were interred in a sunny corner in the rear of the Prentiss garden. The household gathered about, all sorrowing; but little Phyllis was inconsolable. Even Tom Grant and his wife came over to sympathize with the heart broken child.

In due time a simple tablet was erected at the head of the grave, upon which was inscribed:

TO PERICLES

He gave his life to save a child
No man could do more.

B. V. D., '16.



Awaiting Spring

A promise in the softened air
And in the clouded sky;
A touch of longing everywhere;
We wait and waiting, sigh.

2.

But see! the clouds are fading,
The sun is peeping through,
And Spring, a winsome maiden,
Is scattering flowers anew.

3.

The scent of budded hyacinths
Is heavy on the breeze;
The peach tree boughs are laden pink
With treasures for the bees.

4.

Swing, robin, on the budded sprays,
And sing your cheerful tune;
Help us through the dreary days,
Into the joys of June.

E. N., '15.

Wrangle's Race



HOGAN, one of old Dunbar's cowboys, coming from the summer range on his weekly trip to town for provisions, stopped at the bend in the trail above the Pocket ranch to survey the little valley. Over there at the south end of the valley stood the little town of Crescent. On the three roads which branched out into the valley, there was an occasional ranch house with its numerous outbuildings and large barns for the big herds of cattle and horses that were wintered in the valley. Then he looked admiringly at his powerful roan. It had been rumored that he might even beat Dunbar's black racers in the annual fall races.

"Yes, Wrangle old boy, we'll win those races, I'm the best rider on the range, excepting Lucky Bill, the rustler, and if that, in combination with your speed isn't enough to win I'd like to know," said Hogan to his horse. He tightened the reins and was about to go on down the trail, when suddenly he caught sight of a lone rider mounted on one of Dunbar's black racers and leading the other one.

He thought it queer that Dunbar should be taking the racers out so early in the morning, so he examined the rider more closely. "Dunbar doesn't ride like that, and, and, yes sir, that's Lucky Bill: he's the only one on the range that rides that way," he said, at the same time starting the roan down the trail. "Wrangle old boy, our work is cut out for us now; here's where we run down those blacks, as well as that low down horse thief."

Lucky Bill was heading for Sand Pass, thirty miles away, and galloping easily, confident that there was no other horse in the country that could run him down.

When Hogan reached the road the rustler was over half a mile ahead of him. "I'll walk with you, gallop with you, run with you and in the end I'll get you," he mused to himself. They were cantering now and Hogan could not notice any perceptible gain. Lucky Bill turning in his saddle saw that his pursuer was holding his own, so he changed the pace to a gallop. The space between the two was noticeably shortening.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

The next time that Hogan looked he saw that Bill had changed horses, that he was riding Nig instead of Night. "He's the only rider in the country that can do that stunt," said Hogan admiringly, for he did appreciate good horsemanship in anyone. He ran his hand over the roan's neck, Wrangle was still cool and fresh.

After some time had elapsed in this fashion Bill wheeled around again and saw that Hogan was steadily gaining. He changed the pace into a run. Hogan gained more at this pace than before. The intervening space was less than a quarter of a mile. Hogan raised his gun to shoot and shot between Wrangle's monstrous leaps, but with no effect. Bill returned the fire with his revolver, the bullets striking dangerously near. Hogan reloaded his carbine and waited for a better opportunity.

Bill was becoming uneasy; he changed horses oftener. Hogan gained now slowly. The lather was flying from his horse and his eyes were filled with stinging foam. Again he raised his gun to shoot, but Bill, perceiving this, leaned low along his horse's neck, and Hogan lowered his rifle, fearing he would shoot the horse instead of the man.

They were nearing the pass and Bill changed horses for the last time. He was going to make his last dash on Night. He realized now that he was running for his life. He spurred his horse to its utmost. Hogan spurred Wrangle and, with head outstretched, the roan shot forward like a cannonball. The wind whistled through his nostrils. Hogan was riding a quivering, thundering mountain. He passed Nig and was fast overtaking Night. Hogan's eyes were filled with lather and Wrangle's long flying mane stung his face. The huge pounding leaps of the roan nearly unseated him. He raised his gun to fire, but he was too unsteady. And so they thundered on and on, it seemed to him forever. But no! this killing pace could not last.

He wiped the smarting foam from his eyes and looked ahead. Night was riderless. In an instant he passed him. He brought his heaving horse to a walk and went back to Night, keeping a sharp lookout for the rustler. But Bill was safely hidden somewhere in the sage covered pass. Night wobbled to the edge of the road and fell exhausted. His eyes glared, his tongue was hanging, his mouth was bloody and his breath came in gasps. Hogan quickly unsaddled Night and Wrangle and went down the pass after Nig.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

After unsaddling Nig and bringing him back to the others, he went away in search of water, so he could water them when they were cool enough. He found a spring, and after drinking his fill, he took back a hatful to Wrangle. The roan was up and walking around looking for water. He drank the hatful of water at a gulp and whinnied for more, but Hogan thought that was enough for him for a while. He sat down to wait until the horses were fresh enough for the return trip.

As the horses got their wind again they began browsing, Wrangle wandering away too far and Hogan went after him, but was unable to catch him. Thinking the horse would get over his playful spell, he sat down again and waited. The next time he looked Wrangle was out of sight, but Hogan was not worried, for he knew he could catch him when the other horses were rested.

He sat there watching the red glow of the setting sun. It's last beams were playing on the canyon wall at the head of the pass. It was beautiful and he breathed deeply the pure, keen air of the uplands. It was simple great. It——

Suddenly the silence was broken by the wild, frightened scream of a horse. Springing up and turning to the south, he saw Wrangle running up the pass at breakneck speed. Clinging to his neck with one hand and clutching his nose with the other was Lucky Bill. Hogan raised his gun and shot at the clinging mass on Wrangle's neck. Six times he shot and missed. Only one shot remained and the terrified horse was nearing the turn. He must shoot quick and,——yes he must shoot Wrangle. He pulled the trigger and heard a thud as the ball struck the horse. In one last, magnificent leap the horse and rider plunged over the canyon rim. Wrangle's race was run.

W. W., '16.



Crooked (?)



THE setting sun cast a reddish reflection over the dry, short grass, lighting up the endless plain with a sort of brownish grey halo. The flat plain was set off by the long, low line of cattle sheds, surrounded by a large corral, the rough bunk house and the substantial but plain house of McKim's large ranch, the "Bar X." At one side of the bunkhouse was a noisy group of dusty cowboys; one was washing his hands and face in a tin basin, plunging his head and ears into the cool water to relieve them of the dust, while others were waiting their turn, with a rough boisterous impatience, for from inside the bunkhouse came the tantalizing odors of meat, potatoes and hot bread.

Near the gate of the corral were a dozen or so tired ponies munching the ears of corn, while from the west through the clear early evening air, came the plain, though faint tinkling of a cowbell, and the bunch of family milch cows could be discerned, creeping over the dusty path, with a lonely cowboy trotting beside them, and an excited speck jumping here and there. It was the faithful shepherd dog "Blackey," whose main delight was "fussing" the milch cows home together with "Shorty" Maher.

A sharper, shriller bark was heard to the north east. The shepherd dogs at the door of the bunkhouse jumped up snarling, and the cook, MacGregar, came to the door and bellowed at the dogs, "Shet up, caint yuh leave them howlin' kyotes alone?" His words caused the dogs to subside, but they lay with their heads on their forepaws, and an uneasy restless look in their eyes.

McKim and the foreman were discussing the day's work and that to be done on the morrow.

"You'd better take Bowen with you, tomorrow," the foreman was saying. "That's dangerous work, taking a crafty man like "Slim" Barnes over the "sponge." This was the cowboy name given to the large changeable desert to the southwest.

"I know it, Charley," McKim said, and the disagreeable picture of his task as sheriff rose before him. "But with the west fence down in three places there is too much to be done. I'd put off taking Barnes

to the jail in Santa Fe, but, as you know, his being at the head of the gang of cattle rustlers makes it doubly dangerous for him to be here longer. He swore that the gang would get him before a week, and the only thing to do is to take him tomorrow."

But the grim task which rose before McKim's eyes, of taking a noted cattle rustler like Barnes through one hundred and fifty miles of dry desert, a three days journey with "Leek's Hole" the only watering place between him and his destination, was one that would make any man shrink.

McKim, aged thirty-two, brown haired, brown skinned, straight and clean cut, a typical rancher, set his jaw determinedly, and vowed to himself that it would be started tomorrow or never.

The last words of Charley, "Don't let him get the drop on you, he's as crooked and trickier as they make 'em," rang in his ears the next morning when he made the start with his prisoner. The words were also heard by Barnes, who laughed recklessly at his reputation as a "bad man." He was a handsome man, the most noted rustler in the country, and had been caught through the treachery of one of his gang, after a hard struggle.

"Nice job you've got Cap," he said good-naturedly to McKim, who replied quietly, "Yes, but I'm going to see it through."

The forepart of the day was passed in conversation between the two men. The prisoner was handcuffed and rode just a little ahead of the sheriff. Riding along, through the hot noonday, their horses plodding and stumbling through the soft, hot sand, and the close hot desert sun, beating pitylessly down upon them, they said very little. The prisoner cast many glances over the endless sand, and McKim, as if interpreting his thoughts, said, "Wouldn't it be the most pleasant thing that could happen if you should get lost in the "sponge," with me carrying the food and water?"

"No it wouldn't, but worse holes have been gotten out of," said Barnes with meaning look, which made McKim watch him closely.

A slight fading of the tiresome grey luster of the sand warned them of the approach of evening. But the grey color of the sand seemed to govern the very clouds and the sun, for when it set in the west it seemed to be a grey sun, casting gloomy grey rays of light on the dull grey colorless clouds and the grey sand. Instead of becoming cool, as evening drew on, the atmosphere became close and stifling. McKim and

Barnes dismounted, McKim unsaddling the ponies and finally watering them out of the heavy canvass bags he had strapped to his saddle for that purpose. The famished animals would plunge their heads into the water, almost to their eyes, and it was with difficulty that McKim could keep them from spilling the precious fluid.

Barnes watching this exclaimed thoughtfully, "Without water we should be doomed to a horrible death."

"It would come sooner than you might think," replied McKim, "it is a good two days' journey to the west, and a three day's journey to the east, if you had to go on foot. The air and heat so dries up a man's body, that he cannot live over twenty-four hours in the desert without water." And as the two men lay down on their blankets, with their saddles for pillows, McKim thought of the water hole they would reach next day. What if it had gone dry as it had been known to do? But no, it would not do to let such a picture come before his eyes. He would hope for the best. With this thought he sank into a cautious slumber.

The morning came dry and close, and the tired, dusty men climbed on the more tired, dustier ponies and went on their way. The white sun rose with such intolerable heat that it seemed to dry the very water on their lips as they drank from their canteens. There was not even a small clump of sagebrush to relieve the monotony of the sand, and the only sound to be heard was the "plump, plump" of the horses' feet as they fairly waded through it. The men spoke little; each seemed occupied with his thoughts, McKim was thinking of the cool ranch he had left and the lonely return journey before him.

It was afternoon when they could see a tiny dot of stunted sagebrush, by "Leek's" water hole, one of those strange yet treacherous springs, found in deserts, which at times for unaccountable reasons go dry.

It had done this two years before, and McKim remembered the awful story told by one survivor of a party of seven who had depended on it.

Unconsciously they urged their horses faster as they neared the tantalizing depression, where there should be water, where there must be water! McKim, forging a little ahead, noticed a dark object that seemed unfamiliar on the farther side of the hole. He urged his horse faster, and, with a feeling of horror, realized that the object was a

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

horse. Some unfortunate traveler had come to the hole and had,—had—the thought would come into his head—had found it—empty!

Hastening nearer, the men could see a body just by the water hole, and jumping off his horse McKim ran to it. He stared with unbelieving eyes at the form of a girl, face down, and one hand clenched over the dry water hole. "God," he muttered, "a girl alone, in this treacherous desert!"

He turned her over and with an exclamation recognized her as the daughter of Frank Martin, one of the large ranchers in the southern part of the state. Her heart was still beating, though very faintly, and with an expression of heartfelt thanks he put the water bottle to her lips. In a few minutes she was gasping and choking, muttering, "More, more water."

Together the men carried her to the scant shade offered by the sagebrush, and there she told her story. She had made a friendly wager that she could cross the "sponge" alone. Being accustomed to the free life of the plains, she had started against the wishes of her friends, had gotten as far as "Leek's Hole," which she had reached early the day before in safety. But her horse had sprained an ankle, and to make matters worse, the hole was dry. She soon ran out of water and remembered little after that, save the awful burning sensation in her throat. She finished her story and lay back exhausted. The men looked at each other gravely. Accustomed to the life of the plains, each knew that one pony could not carry two people through the desert. That meant—one would have to stay. The thought that Barnes was a thief and an outlaw came into McKim's mind, and he put it down resolutely and would not let it go farther. He caught Barnes' eyes, and in them was a rather contemptuous look, as if his thoughts had been read. McKim spoke quietly and firmly.

"A few moments ago you were the prisoner, and I, the captor. But, as man to man, this will have to be settled. One of us must stay."

"No, no, it must not be! That couldn't be!" Both men turned and saw standing before them the girl, who had heard their words.

"There is no other way," said Barnes with a certain dignity that he had not shown before. The girl turned to him and suddenly shrank back, seeing for the first time his bound hands.

Barnes noted the look and with a proud reckless look exclaimed, "No use, McKim; it's my place to stay, you go with the girl. You can't trust me. I'm crooked. I tell you, I'm crooked."

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

"I feel that you could be relied on in this case," replied McKim.

"I have lived by chance; we will settle this in the same way," exclaimed Barnes. He produced a coin and cried, "Heads you go and I stay; tails I go and you stay." With a reckless laugh he tossed the coin up and it fell on the blanket—the side turned up was—heads.

The man, weary and sober, rode away, the girl by his side. Nothing was said. They had gone about half a mile through the now paling sunlight which gave way to the dusky twilight. The muffled report of a revolver was heard and McKim felt he knew the result. With a sober face he turned to the girl and said, "I left my gun at the hole and would like to get it."

He went slowly up to the man and took the gun out of his clenched hand. Turning to go he spied the coin that had spelled his fate—and the fate of Barnes. To think that a small coin should settle so vital a question! Stooping slowly he picked up the coin and turned it over—it had a head on both sides.

It was a doubly sober man that rode slowly back to the waiting girl. Reading in his eyes what she feared to ask, she shuddered and said nothing. As they rode through the endless waste of sand and she heard him almost reverently mutter, "Crooked to the end."

I. McK., '15.



The Thief



UNCHVILLE, a small village, is situated in a deep valley, hidden from curious eyes. The houses are all bunched together,—hence the name, Bunchville.

Half way up a hill east of the village stands a tiny one story house situated on just one acre of ground. This place is known as the "Old Brown Place." It is the home of two maiden sisters, Patience Penelope Brown and Faith Abundance Brown. Patience was the elder, but was rather weak physically and people always thought of her as a child. They had a small income from their dead father, but both girls added to it according to their ability. Faith was large and strong; she cultivated a small garden and sold vegetables. Patience sewed, patched, dyed and cleaned clothes for the village people.

One bright May morning Faith rose from the breakfast table and said, "Now you set right down and get them pants of Harry Green's patched today. I have to do the washing."

"I think I'll take a walk in the garden first, it is so fresh this morning," said Patience.

"Nonsense! Patience Penelope, you must work; I have all I can do hanging up clothes," said Faith.

So Patience got her work and sat down by the window which overlooked the village.

"Faith, there's not anybody washing this morning. Even Widow Babble's isn't swinging in the breeze," said Patience. "And seems as if there's a terrible lot of people in the front yard and at the big Road Gate. What do you suppose is the matter?"

"Patience Penelope Brown! you do make me so tired fiddling into your neighbors' affairs. Don't worry! Widow Babble herself will be here pretty soon and tell us. It is a powerful hot morning," she said coming back into the kitchen, "but there's a gopher chewed the roots off of two carrot bushes last night and I must go and set some traps."

About eleven o'clock Faith came in and prepared a simple lunch. Patience did not see her coming and was looking peacefully out of the window at Widow Babble's when Faith came in scolding because

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

Harry's pants were not finished. Faith was angry and said, "After dinner you rip up that old pink dress of yourn. You never wear it and it will make good strips for a rag carpet."

"Oh, Faith, I can't. That's the dress he"—— and she stopped, Faith looked at her and Patience quickly said, "That's the last dress mama made for me."

Faith's momentary anger melted at the mention of her mother's name. "Keep it then," she said and kissed Patience gently, for tears were forming in her eyes.

They had scarcely finished talking when Widow Babble came in, all excitement, exclaiming, "Some one tried to set the house on fire last night and if it hadn't been for Jack Williams it would of burned down!" At the mention of Jack's name Faith immediately sent Patience out to get some lemons from the cellar to make Widow Babble a cool drink.

Jack was always present in Patience's mind; Faith thought that long ago the coals of love had died, but not so. Jack Williams was Patience's only lover; she had promised to marry him long, long ago, but Faith wished it otherwise and Faith always was right, so Patience thought. At this unusual mention of his name her love awakened, for he had gone away and Patience hadn't heard from him.

"Yes," Patience heard Widow Babble say as she came from the cellar, "Jack Williams is sure a good man."

"Well, Patience," said Faith, "if people are going to have their houses set on fire we might get robbed also. I do the hardest work and you can't tend to the garden, so you can sleep in the daytime and I'll sleep at night; that way we can keep watch. I wouldn't want to get robbed or murdered in bed. They haven't caught the man and we're in danger."

"In danger of what? What have we that anyone would steal?"

"Got! Why there's mother's Irish Crochet Collar and that Cameo pin and father's cuff buttons."

Widow Babble went away and Faith closed down the shutters for the night.

"Why are you closing up so early? Nobody will steal old women like you and me."

"I wasn't thinking of that," said Faith, "but anyone would take that lace collar in a minute."

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

Faith and Patience took turns about sleeping, one at night, the other at day, for about two weeks and still nothing ever happened. Then one night Patience put on her pink dress.

"Why have you that dress on?" cried Faith.

"Oh, 'cause it is so hot. No one will see me," said Patience.

When Faith had been in her room for some time Patience blew the light out and took a walk around the house. She must have walked up and down to the gate about five times when she started to walk up the hill to the old mill that stood on top. It was here that Jack and she had parted. She went over to a spring to get a drink and then she thought she heard footsteps. She turned around frightened, expecting to see Faith out after her, but to her surprise, it was Jack. "Patience," he cried.

"Oh, it's Jack," exclaimed Patience.

"I've stayed around here exactly a month trying to get to see you. Where have you been?" said Jack. "Patience, I've come back for you. Will you come with me this time?"

She didn't hesitate but a minute when she saw Faith coming rapidly over the hill crying, "Patience Penelope, what do you mean?"

Jack had left his horse back of the mill and now quickly brought it forward. Faith had not quite reached them, Jack lifted her up and set her before him on the horse, and they whirled away into happiness.

Faith was outwitted and felt it keenly. "I'd rather it would have been that lace," she said, as they quickly disappeared over the hill.

A. L., '15



Madame Bouillard's Necklace



AUL Bouillard cared little for the ball that was soon to be given. It would rob him of his sleep and so unfit him for the next day's work besides giving him a bad temper; and preparation for it would tax his meager purse. Moreover he never greatly enjoyed dancing and would readily forego that pleasure to sit by the fire and talk to a friend, or read a book until his usual bedtime. But he knew that his wife would be eager to go to this ball. To her a ball was a fine affair, and it was very seldom that she had an opportunity to attend one. Therefore he determined to go and take her with him.

When he arrived home in the afternoon he found her in the parlor with a big Newfoundland dog which they had long owned and of which they were very fond.

"Look, Marie," he said, holding up an invitation, "we are invited to the Revenue Officers' Ball, to be given day after tomorrow evening."

"Invited to the Revenue Officers' Ball! Only think of it! And we shall go, shan't we?"

"I think there is nothing to prevent us from going."

"Listen, Pierre," she said to the dog as she stroked his head, "I am going to the Ball." Pierre had nothing to say as to that, and only looked kindly into her face.

"For my part I don't care much for this dressing up in fine clothes and dancing a whole night," said Bouillard.

At the mention of fine clothes Marie's heart sank, for she was reminded that she had no clothes that she considered proper to wear to a ball.

"I have no gown to wear," she exclaimed in vexation. "If I can't have a new one I must stay at home."

"Can't you wear the gown that you wore last May at the Carnival Ball?"

"I wouldn't be seen in it. It is out of date."

"Well, then, if you must have a new one you must. But remember I am no Croesus, and can't afford to spend much."

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

"I can get one for —— for about six hundred francs that will suit me."

Bouillard felt that this was rather a large sum, but generously assured her that she should have her gown. She was then as happy as before and spent the rest of the day with a light heart. She had an old maidservant, Yvonne, to whom she told the good news; and Yvonne was glad to see such good humor take the place of her mistress' usual petulance.

On the morrow Marie arose at an earlier hour than usual, and when she had finished her morning meal prepared to set out to purchase her gown. She called her dog and gave him a large basket to carry. He grasped the handle in his teeth, and, when his mistress had put a shawl about her shoulders to shield herself from the morning mists, followed her out into the street. It was always a pleasant time for him when she went shopping. His duty was to carry the basket, and this he loved to do. He was especially glad this morning because he saw that she went forth more gaily than usual.

Marie was long in finding the dress that satisfied her. There were many dresses in the store that pleased her, to be sure, but they all pleased her in the same degree, so that she could not decide upon which one to buy. One dress cost five hundred and seventy francs. Another, as fair in her eyes, cost a franc less. A third cost a few francs more. This last one she was almost persuaded to buy, under the impression that it was somewhat prettier than the other two, when she was shown a gown that struck her as being far more beautiful than any she had yet seen. The shop girl said it was worth six hundred and fifty francs. Marie had not expected to pay so much as that, but she liked this dress so well that, after hesitating a little she bade the girl wrap it up for her and charge it to Paul Bouillard.

So Pierre brought the gown home in the basket. He was not so happy as when he first left the house, for he saw that his mistress was not so gay. He could not divine why, but the reason was, that she feared her husband would be vexed with her for spending so much.

This fear soon vanished, when, having arrived home, she put her gown on and stood before the mirror to see how well it became her. She called Yvonne to see, and Yvonne said it was beautiful. The two admired it and talked about it for a long time before they could put it by.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

Bouillard came home for his midday meal. When he saw his wife he asked her if she had bought her new gown.

"Indeed I have, and it is a beautiful one," said Marie. She left him and soon returned wearing the gown. "Now isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes, rather pretty," answered Bouillard. "How much did you pay for it?"

"You would think it cost in the neighborhood of seven hundred francs, wouldn't you? It really cost only six hundred and fifty."

"Why, I understood you to say you could buy a suitable one for six hundred francs."

"I thought so, but I found none that became me so well as this. If I only had some jewelry now I should be much better dressed for the ball."

"We are not able to purchase jewelry now," said Paul.

"I know it," replied Marie with a sigh.

That afternoon when Paul had finished his day's work, Marie was walking through the hallway and singing to herself when she espied a small and carefully wrapped package lying on a table. Paul had brought something home. She removed the paper that enclosed it and discovered a well made wooden box; so, having flung the paper into the fire, she opened the box and found that it held a necklace of pearl beads strung on a silver cord. The sight overjoyed her. Taking the box with its contents to her room she tried the necklace on and stood before her mirror admiring it.

Meanwhile Paul Bouillard was entertaining a friend in his library. This friend had been a frequent visitor and came and departed when he chose.

He presently rose to go, and Paul accompanied him to the outer door.

"Let me see," said he as they passed through the hall, "didn't I lay my package on this table?"

"I don't remember," answered Paul.

"Yes, I am sure I did. But it isn't here now."

"Wait. I think you must have laid it in the library. I'll go and look there." But on returning from his search Bouillard said, "No it isn't there. I'll call Yvonne. Perhaps she knows something about it. Yvonne! Yvonne!" he called.

"Yvonne came and politely asked what was wanted of her.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

"Were you working in this room a little while ago, Yvonne?"

"Not since you came," was the prompt reply.

"Did you see anyone enter the room?"

"No one, sir."

Bouillard summoned his wife. Hearing his voice Marie thrust the necklace into her bosom and hurried into the hall.

"Marie," said her husband, "Monsieur has lost his package. Have you seen it anywhere?"

This so astounded her that she could not for the moment reply; and when she did reply she had not the courage to acknowledge her error. She only asked, "What kind of a package was it?"

"It was a very small package done up in white paper," said Monsieur De Counter. "I laid it there on this table, I am quite sure."

"I have not seen it," faltered Marie with a wretched feeling of guilt in her heart.

"Is it valuable?" asked Bouillard.

"Indeed it is," responded Monsieur De Counter. "It is a necklace for my wife to wear at the ball."

"It must be found then," replied Bouillard.

But it was not found. Monsieur De Counter went away with a deep suspicion and with the intention of calling the police if his jewel was not restored to him. Bouillard doubted that his guest had brought the package with him at all. Marie felt miserably guilty. And Yvonne wondered at it all.

More than once Marie thought of telling her husband what she had done; but the same weakness which had made her lie to Monsieur De Counter now kept her silent. She could not bring herself to confess. However, she evolved a plan whereby she might restore the necklace to its owner without revealing her misdeed. She would buy some white wrapping paper and wrap the box up with the necklace in it so as to form a package like the one the visitor had laid on the table. Then she would hide it beneath some books that happened to lie near at hand and call her husband to help her search for the package anew. He would surely find it and take it to his friend.

Meanwhile she placed the jewel in a little used cabinet in the wall. That was a safe place to hide it, she thought, while she was gone for the paper. But scarcely had she closed the door of the cabinet when Paul came.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

"There is a bottle of ink in that cabinet, isn't there?" he queried.

"No, certainly not. Where is your memory? You keep your ink in the library."

When he had stalked out of the room she took the necklace from the cabinet, and in doing so happened to get it fastened in the hinge of the door so as nearly to sever the silver cord when she extricated it. But she had no time to grieve over that. She put it into a narrow vase on the table; and just then Yvonne entered the room and began to dust the furniture. Marie stood watching her with uneasiness and when she fell to dusting the table exclaimed, "Yvonne, how often are you going to dust this room?"

"Yvonne having departed, Marie carried the jewel into the parlor, and, climbing upon a chair, removed a large portrait from the wall. She thereupon hung the necklace upon a hook which had supported the portrait, and, replacing the picture, perceived with satisfaction that the necklace was concealed.

She did not have an opportunity to buy the wrapping paper, for by this time the shops were closed.

All that evening she sat with Paul in the parlor before the fire while Pierre lay upon the hearth. Paul read, but she only mused. The picture on the wall was a painful sight to her and she did not often look towards it. It was a portrait of her mother, a handsome old lady with silver hair, who seemed to look reproachingly at her daughter from the frame. Marie wished with all her heart that she had not been so cowardly.

There was a great hustle at the door, and Pierre growled from his position on the hearth. Paul put down his book and, going to see who had come, admitted De Counter and a policeman, who stalked in with so heavy a tread as to shake the house.

"We have come for the necklace," said De Counter. As he spoke a shower of beads fell from behind the picture. So Marie painfully confessed her guilt.

F. M., '16.

The Coward



ROOP E. toiled hour after hour along miry roads and paths, through the jungles of cacti, poison vines, and high grass that cut like a knife, in a blistering sunlight that made skylines of the distance shimmer and waver before the eyes, while from stagnant pools strange, gray mist floated upwards, and vultures, with outstretched wings, looked greedily down from above. Thousands of gigantic land crabs, spotted with yellow and red, wriggling and twisting themselves along the sides of the roads with white claws clicking viciously, added to the ghastliness of the scene.

As the morning advanced, the heat became almost intolerable, but with a splendid exhibition of cheerful endurance, they pushed ahead.

There was one, George Welton, a boy scarcely out of his teens, who did not take the expedition in a cheerful light. He struggled on, unwilling to acquaint his more robust comrades with his fatigue, but, nevertheless, cursing the deadly humidity of the Cuban climate and calling down maledictions upon officers who would ask men to travel under such conditions. He was known to his comrades by the ignominious names of "Yellow-neck" and "Fly-fighter," this being the soldiers' way of saying "coward."

But why had he obtained these unpleasant epithets? It was at the capture of San Juan, when Company E, leading its regiment, advanced across that spot known in history as the Bloody Bend of San Juan. As the troops dashed up they were assailed by deadly volleys from innumerable tree tops and ambuscades, and, for an instant, they were thrown into confusion and recoiled from the shock. Then the order came to take to the grass and thickets, a command which was obeyed with alacrity by Welton. Before him he heard the Br-r-r-r of the Spanish machine gun, in the rear the advancing second and third battalions. The advance sounded and Welton arose with his companions. A ball ricocheting on the pass struck him in the side and as he felt the burning sensation he fell with a groan. Later a sergeant, his arm hanging useless by his side, his face distorted with pain, stooped for an instant to comfort his wounded comrade.

Welton felt the step on the grass near his head, and knew that the sergeant was leaning over him with some compassion. Even his voice was comforting now, as he spoke to the boy. "Did they get you, ol' man?" and he cursed "them." "Where? In the the stomach? Ah!"

The boy lay rigid, swearing that he would not turn, but the sergeant's firmness was too much for his lesser strength and a moment later all compassion was gone from the cold voice which muttered, "I don't see no sign,"—his voice was drowned by several rapid volleys in the front, then it was quiet, with the exception of a few desultory shots, then—"Maybe—Le's see."

He forced the tense arms apart roughly.

"Aw!" He brushed the prostrate figure brutally; "Get on your feet, you measly cur. Git up! It's only a scratch, you blattering puppy, you—"

Welton arose, but there were many mute witnesses to the scene, who took heartless and savage joy in remembering the incident.

Thus we find him with Company E, the butt of all jokes, the most despised man in the regiment, Welton had long since discontinued telling what he would do if he had another chance. It only made the soldiers laugh and spend more time in devising and originating new methods of torture.

On this day he was thinking of former experiences, because he knew that upon this expedition his courage would be tested. The men had hinted as much. He was awakened from his reverie of gloomy thoughts at noon, when, at a sharp command, the troops halted in an open space. A few hasty orders and a heavy line of guards were out among the grass and thick brush, surrounding the encampment. Munitions and other equipments were then placed in a compact mass in the center of the circle.

While these preparations were being made the men did not fail to note that Welton cast many furtive glances towards the dense undergrowth which encircled them. With frowns and fearful looks they spoke, for his benefit, of being annihilated, massacred by the now desperate Spaniards. It played on his nerves. It weakened him, and, what was worse, the troops knew it.

The sergeant of the guard interrupted Welton's hasty meal of hard-tack and water and gave the "delightful" order to the young trooper to do scout duty. He said nothing, for he knew that it would only draw

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

an avalanche of comment upon him if he answered. He took his orders silently, obtained extra ammunition and left the encampment.

Passing the last line of sentries he made his way towards the northwest, in the direction of the hills. Other than to note the direction he was taking, he paid little attention to his surroundings, but was in deep thought.

A shiver ran through him when, with a crunching noise, he stepped upon a loathsome lizard. This tended to awaken him from his torpid mood and make him alive to his danger. He found himself upon a narrow, winding and apparently unused roadway. He determined to keep to it, as he could proceed much faster upon it, but as he advanced he took greater precautions, listening at short intervals for enemies.

Once he was rooted to the ground with fear when he thought he heard some one at a great distance in advance, give a peculiar shriek which he had heard often before; the appealing cry of the man whose body is pierced unexpectedly with the sabre or the bayonet. He listened, but the cry was not repeated. Welton attributed it to his imagination, and, after a great effort, he controlled his nerves and continued.

After some time he arrived at the mouth of a long and winding canyon which cut the hills into two separate ridges. Here he stopped, not daring to go further. The stillness and grandeur of the scene, now awe-inspiring, was soon to be awakened from its somnolence by all the terrors of war-fare.

Welton stood but an instant when he heard a low moan in the thicket at his left. He shook with fear, but remembering that it was this failing that had made him the most despised man in the regiment, he mustered his courage, and holding his revolver ready, made his way cautiously into the thicket. Welton cursed between his teeth as he half tumbled over a body and raised his gun, determined to make a fight for his life. He swung around not knowing from whence to expect a shot and found himself looking upon the outstretched body of Lieutenant Welborn of Company E. The great gash in his body, and the trampled grass told the story. Welton remembered hearing the men say the Lieutenant was out scouting. The Cuban evidently had attempted to surprise the Captain and had done so, but had lost his life in the ensuing struggle.

The first glance told him this. A bound and he was at Welborn's side. He forced some water from his canteen between the lips of the

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

officer. The latter came to and feebly made a grasp for his sword, which lay at his side. He recognized Welton, then, and inquired the whereabouts of Company E in a feeble voice, stating that he had information of vast importance for his superior.

Presently he staggered to his feet and with the assistance of Welton made his way to the roadway. His strength then failed him, and again he lapsed into unconsciousness. Welton found it impossible to sustain his body, and was in a quandry as to what he should do. He determined to take him a few feet into the shrubbery and return to the Company for assistance.

Scarcely had he come to this conclusion, when from around a bend in the pass a troop of Spanish soldiers and ragged infantry advanced. In their midst were two shaggy little burros, upon whose backs machine guns were strapped. He staggered with fear and astonishment, thinking of the havoc that these machines would do. He did not consider the taunts of the soldiers and feared for Company E, knowing that they would be annihilated, or at least driven back with heavy loss of life.

No less astonished were the Spaniards. But the silence was only for an instant. A Cuban raised his rifle and fired and fired hastily at Welton—but missed. Welton knew that retreat would be suicidal; the open space in his rear could not be crossed in safety. With a sweep of his arm he drew his unconscious comrade behind a huge boulder. His rifle sprang to his shoulder and a second report sounded even before the echo of the first had died out. He fired again and the two burros fell dead. The Spaniards, not knowing how many khaki clad figures were at the end of the canyon, made desperate efforts to unstrap the machine guns.

Several shots were exchanged, then for a moment the firing ceased. The soldiers were out of sight. The firing broke out again, but the Spaniards seemed to be shooting at the universe. Welton heard bullets whizzing twenty feet away and was puzzled.

“Waiting for us to halt, most likely. Well, they’ll wait awhile. This place is good enough for us. If the boys would only come we could run ’em from this canyon like sheep.”

A cry from the lieutenant, who was now conscious, but helpless, made him look around. “They’re above you. Oh! look out.”

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

A shot like a white hot iron crashed through Welton's shoulder, pinning him down. He reeled over and staggered to his feet in time to miss another bullet, which shivered the rock where he had been lying. So the Spaniards had scaled the rock of the pass. The native who shot his enemy sprawled against the face of the cliff, almost over his head. Reeling, half blind with pain and loss of blood, Welton fired three times before a revolver bullet reached the mark, and the Spaniard limply slid into a space of shrub to give no further trouble.

A thin spurt of fire answered and a bullet whistled past his head. Lieutenant Welborn answered its shot, but it proved only to draw fire in his direction. Welton heard, as in a dream, the faint cries of men, and the clatter of arms in the roadway in the rear. Then hope fled for good.

"They've got us," he groaned "got us both ways! Here's the end."

He pulled himself together with a mighty effort and slipped the last of his cartridges into his revolver. The life blood streamed from him; he swayed, writhing like a drunken man, but always covering his superior with his own shattered body. He fired twice, then he was upon his knees vainly trying to use his gun. His other arm hung useless at his side.

Through a red mist he saw a Spaniard rise up, cuddling his rifle stock, and taking steady aim. He flung back his hand, dropping his revolver.

What was that? The sound of a familiar cheer and of running feet. Dreams mocked his whirling brain.

Of course it was all over but the shouting of the Spaniards.

"Keep down," he muttered in a feeble voice, forgetful of the Lieutenant's condition.

The shot from the Spaniard did not come; instead, shots rustled out behind him, and slowly turning his head Welton saw a starred and striped flag flash up from the roadway. Running beside the flag-bearer an officer, with a smoking revolver in his hand, waved on the head of a running, cheering column in blue khaki.

He raised himself on his elbow, beating back the fast gathering darkness that closed in about him. Everything whirled about him. He tried to think, but could not. He knew he needed sleep to cure his

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

burning headache. He closed his eyes and then, lurching forward, he fell in a heap.

* * * *

It was one of those same rushing nights of the tropics that wilt strong men in the vigor of their youth. The sweltering earth lay beneath a sooty, cloud-covered sky, dusty and breathless. Out in the basque, an infinite chorus of dry-throated insects uttered a series of guttural sounds. A lizard occasionally broke the monotony with his quaint gargle.

Beneath a cocoanut tree a score of soldiers gathered. They spoke softly, and almost always in monosyllables.

"Jes' think; we called him 'Yellow-neck,'" murmured the soldier who leaned against the tree.

"An' he kept them from the machine guns, a whole company of 'em," said the first.

A long silence followed. Then the silence was broken by a muffled bugle sounding at headquarters, and as the soldiers silently rose from their reclining position, a sergeant took the center of the circle.

"How's Welton an' the lieutenant?" the "non-com" who had spoken before interrogated.

"He's doin' fine; the medico says that they will be all right, and, say; the captain's asked for a commission for Welton and he'll get it, too, and the first man that shows disrespect for him will be charged with insubordination."

"That's what, the captain said so, and what d'you think he wrote on the application? 'For steady devotion to extreme duty I have not seen his equal in the service.'"

"Now what d'you think of that?"

"It's what the whitest and bravest man in the regiment deserves," said a trooper, and they all nodded in acquiescence as they made their way silently to their tents.

G. H., '16.



The Signs of the Times



ACH epoch of the world's history has its own peculiar characteristics—the sign of its time.

A thousand years before our Christian era, amid surroundings celebrated for their serenity and natural beauty, Greece was developing a race of men, who were to be leaders, not only of their own time, in art, sculpture and painting, but whose works were to become the models for all succeeding ages. Our higher conceptions of art today are derived from what has been preserved for us from ancient Greece.

No less high stands Greece in her philosophic achievements. The works of Plato, Aristotle and Socrates are studied today with as much, if not greater, zeal than in any former time. Our best modern philosophic ideas find the basis of their philosophy in these early Grecian writings.

In literature, too has Greece exerted a profound influence. The models of the comedies of today are found in writings of Aristophanes, and Menander; those of the tragedy in the writings of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Eurypides. Literary achievements of Homer can not be overlooked.

But artists and philosophers alone are ill suited to wield the sceptre, and Greece fell. Rome took her place as leader of the world but the signs of her time were vastly different. Hers was an age of military achievement. The known world at that time was the limit of her ambition. It was an age of political development.

Her greatest representative was Caius Julius Caesar. The greatest product of Rome, he is, in a way, a typical representative of the nation. Living in an age of conquest, in a city which had been leader, and which hoped to retain her leadership, he was influenced by the desire to lead, to conquer, and to be supreme. He, like all Romans, was elated by success, by popularity and by ideas of supremacy. Had the period in which Caesar lived been one of national peace, unresponsive to the clash of armor and the call of war, his name would have come down to us, not as one of the greatest generals of the world, but as one of the deepest thinkers and greatest minds.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

But Rome has left us a store scarcely less valuable than that of Greece. She has taught us by her example that the republican form of government could be successfully developed. She has taught us too, by example that internal corruption will cause the downfall of the greatest and strongest nations of the earth. Our fundamental government and our theories come indirectly from Rome.

With the disintegration of Rome, came the Dark Ages—a thousand years of almost absolute misery. With no national leader, with barbarous tribes fighting each other for supremacy, with learning locked in monasteries or preserved by the scholars of distant Arabia, with personal ambition, moral and intellectual conditions in as unwholesome a state as possible, there was but one way by which the down-trodden mass of humanity could be regenerated.

During the last struggles of the Roman Empire, Constantine had accepted the Christian religion as that of Rome. Though accepted too late to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the Empire, it sustained them for a long time, and was the one bright ray by which the destinies of the world were guided from the fifth to the fifteenth centuries.

It's powerful influence subdued the Celt, the Goth, the Norse, the Teuton, the Saxon, and then came the world's awakening—the Renaissance.

Italy, France, Spain, Germany and England roused themselves from their half-stupor and took on the new vigor, the new life of the modern world.

Invention, discovery, commerce, science, and literature developed with marvelous rapidity. It was at this time that, as Froude says, "Columbus created a new heaven and a new earth." Gutenberg perfected his printing machine and Drake and Raleigh returned from their daring explorations. An intellectual age, unparalleled in history, followed, an age in which England produced such men as Sydney, Bacon, Spencer, and Shakespeare.

The sign of this time was progress, with a new and practically applied thought. But as was natural this was carried to excess. With the ease and wealth that sprang from prosperity, occasioned by England's growth of commerce and her improvements, there came that half-pagan pleasure which characterizes the Italian Renaissance. Dress was a luxury of color and extravagance. Life was one gay round of pleasure and song. Ambition ran riot. Nothing wearied, nothing fatigued the dauntless spirits of the time which were so admirably represented by

Francis Bacon who said, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province."

Along with the Renaissance came the awakening of the religious world to the fact, that it had become so corrupted by dissoluteness of the times, and with a rigorous, and oftentimes with a cruel, hand the church punished its opposers.

New religious theories advanced by Luther, Calvin, Milton and Bunyan developed the doctrine of a new spiritual age, the results of which are readily seen in the church of today.

Finally our own age is here to exert a lasting influence over all time to come.

This too is a period of progress. During the last three quarters of a century the features of society have distinctly changed. A new movement has begun. The period from 1830 to 1840 was called the "Cradle of the New Epoch" in that several of the greatest inventions were brought forth into practical utility.

By these the remote parts of the earth have been brought together. Commercial interests have been promoted. People by coming in contact with new form of society and beliefs have become more liberal and tolerant. A broad human sympathy and belief in the brotherhood of man are taking the place of the narrow doctrines of our ancestors. The productive forces of society have been immeasurably increased. Great enterprises are now undertaken by individuals, and one man now holds more wealth than a company or a corporate body did years ago. This latter fact is the feature of this epoch which has given rise to its most momentous issue—The Labor Problem.

The influences of the establishment, in this age, of political and religious equality have called forth demands for social and economic equality.

Theorists of today have divided the periods of the world's existence into three great divisions. First, the Savage, second, the Barbarian and third, the Civilized. We are in the Savage state of the Civilized age. We are the least intelligent people of the most intelligent age. When we stop and look at the bloody carnage that is being wrought about us at the present time, we can but wonder if this is not so.

When we consider the influences at work today, when we consider their affect, when we consider the future of those to come after us, we can but hope that the age of today is but a stepping stone to one of high-

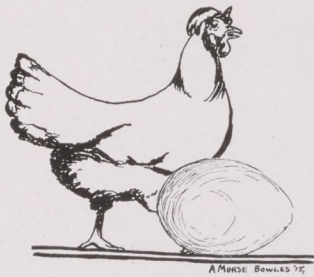
THE ENTERPRISE, '15

er intelligence, and that in the perfection of this intelligence, we must each play our part and play it well.

“One small life in God’s great plan,
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what you may, or strive as you can
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
A single stitch in an endless web,
A drop in the ocean’s flow and ebb.
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed,
And each life that fails of the true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.”

E. N., '15.





EXTRA!

THE DAILY ECC

ISSUE OF FEB. 31, XICCIKDXVII. BC. VOL. P.D.Q. NO. 23.
PUBLISHED BY THE HEN FRUIT SUPPLY COMPANY.
FRESH FROM THE PRESS
-ISSUED WHEN THE ROOSTER CACKLES-
WEATHER-RAIN OR SHINE-
FORECAST-FOR-YESTERDAY- LIGHT NORTH WIND FROM THE SOUTH.

UNOFFICIAL SCHOOL PAPER YEARLY MORNING EDITION

The Daily Egg is published in order to use all pages of this paper that would otherwise be blank. The subscription price is nix, but we charge \$167,584,432,879,234,543,768,923,567.00 per year for delivery.

EDITORIAL



Paul Sales.

The editor, being a very diplomatic man, will not publish any editorial this morning for fear of hurting someone's feelings or compromising this conservative paper. We will, however, state our political platform, which is decidedly *neutral*. We have adopted this party to be in favor with everybody. When it comes election time we shall boost the Hon. George Crozier for President of the Assassinated Student Body and shall undoubtedly favor the election of the unHon. Patrick Amassa Morse Bowles for sewer inspector. Both persons underserving but since we are regular grafters we will help these amateurs as long as their money lasts. We also realize that they are quite

SUETONIUS TARANQUILLUS MEETS HORRIBLE DEATH

Blair U-have-mi Hart, a freshman of considerable note, and daredevil speedster, unfortunately caused the death of Suetonius Taranquillus, while speeding down the Main Street Boulevard. When the inquest was being held Mr. Hart explained to the satisfac-

tion of the jury and Coroner Carpenter, that the accident was entirely unavoidable, on his part. Taranquillus did not hear Mr. Hart blow his horn and, although he looked back, it was too late and was run over by both the front and back wheels of Hart's Ford, causing considerable damage to the machine.

The funeral will be held at two o'clock from the First Calvinistic Church of Corona. Pastor C. Brown will officiate.

(Editor's Note.--Word just comes that the following epitaph will be placed upon the monument:

Always struggling to maintain life,
And always helping his father's
wife;

Never trying to be a hog,

For he was merely a Dachshund
dog.

DEPARTS TO TRAIN HIS VOICE

Will Run for Yell Leader in the Near Future

Mr. C. Stice left Sunday morning for Two Rock, where he will take a course in voice culture, and his many friends will hope for the best. Mr. Stice will train his voice, in view of the fact that he will be a candidate for Yell Leader at the next high school election. His studies will be at the H. Dykes Conservatory, where a course in Slinging is also given.

You read it first in the EGG.

LOCAL BOY HOLDS POSI- TION OF TRUST

Petaluma Upholds Her Reputation

Ralph Rorden, one of the enterprising graduates of the local high school, has brought new honors upon our community through his natural ability as a manager. It was long the belief of our town 'soap box warmers' union that the boy displayed unusual talent as a manager and all prophesied a brilliant future for Ralphie. It now comes to light that this talent has shone forth before the world in many ways, one of which has been wired to the "Daily Egg" by the Assassinated Press.

Our Ralph, it seems, had just made his celebrated oration, "How to raise ducks on a profit paying basis," and one of a group of old acquaintances was remarking upon the excellence of his speech. Mr. William O'Hara Ayers, one of the group, said, "Ralphie always was an excellent manager. Why, I remember how he used to boss his father around and get anything he wanted, "Ivanhoff McKinsky, a better informed impersonage, proudly said, "Yes, anything up to fifty cents." Nuff sed.

NOTICE

I am forced to go to work. Would like position as an athletic instructor. Have never accomplished anything myself, but can tell just how it should be done. Christianno Bennech.

OLD DIARY OF CHARLICUS DISCOVERED

We are just in receipt of a diary sent us by one of the local students and is of special interest at this time because of its antiquity and age. It was discovered while excavators were digging in the ruins of an old double-bottomed trunk, and was undoubtedly the property of Charlicus Batchelder, the famous longstop in the Superannuated Preachers' League, of Oshkoshbesh, Spring Hill.

The following extracts throw some light on the former fickle fickleness of Charlicus:

Feb. 31, 1914. Met Miss Ruby Amanda Merritt, of South Africa.

March 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1914. Met Miss Merritt at church. I think she's a very nice young lady. Enjoyed the sermon on "Dancing, The Road to Hell."

March 3, 1914. Met Ruby again. We saw some boys and girls dancing. Appeared to be an interesting past time. Ruby is really a nice girl.

March 5, 1914. Took Ruby to a dance. They called us wall-flowers but I didn't mind. Ruby and I played checkers.

March 6, 1914. Ruby and I tried to dance. My toe pains me.

March 9, 1914. Ruby weighs 206 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. My foot hurt me so exceedingly that I consulted a chiropodist. My toe is broken.

March 20, 1914. I think I'm in love; I feel funny and I think it is because I haven't see my girl for a week. My toe is better.

March 21, 1914. Saw Ruby. My toe is quite well. Feel better today.

March 23, 1914. Took Ruby to a dance at Pennngrove. The Farmer's Walk comes most natural for us.

March 25, 1914. Had an argument with Ruby. She thinks I'm slow. What can she mean?

March 27, 1914. Went to a rag dance together with Ruby. She wore a split skirt to which I objected. She cut two dances with me for Mr. Oscar Wahlstrom. It wasn't nice of her.

March 28, 1914. Am losing Hope.

March 30, 1914. Met Ruby with Oscar. They didn't see me.

March 31, 1914. Love is deceiving.

March 32, 1914. I never did like her anyway; she was too sporty for me.

(Editor's Note.—Pioneer residents of this community can recollect that, at the time mentioned in the diary, Charles seemed to show signs of some kind of insanity.)

THE TAIL OF A DOG

(Written by special request for the Egg, by Miss Hellen M. Prutzman, the noted author. Students attention is called to the punctuation and spelling. Here is the story in brief.)

HE HAD NONE.

Everybody eats the EGG.

SPEEDSTER MEETS WITH ACCIDENT

Miss E. Raymond Tries to Climb a Telephone Pole

Miss E. Raymond, the feminine Ole Barnfield, had a narrow escape from death several days ago when the powerful 3 h. p. Landover auto she was driving down the street at the stupendous rate of seven miles an hour left the course and crashed into a telephone pole. It is said by bystanders that Miss Raymond's scream was much louder than the crash. As luck would have it, the telephone pole did not lose a splinter in the collision. Only the radiator, the front axle, the lights, the starter, the engine, the steering gear and a few other minor parts of the car were damaged, so Miss Raymond is to be congratulated on her fortunate escape from a bad accident. (Sh!—Gentle reader, this story is based on facts.)

BIG BUSINESS DEAL RUMORED

It has been rumored about the streets for the last few days that Mr. William O'Hara Ayers will establish a jitney service out Sunny Slope Ave. The EGG fails to see the business possibilities, but it is whispered about that there is a lady in the case. Certainly under such circumstances, Mr. Ayers is not accountable for his actions. Dame Rumor says that the lady is a Freshman.

CHARLIE, THE MAN OF THE HOUR

(Found in the Study Hall).

My Dearest Fay:

No doubt you will think me bold to do this, but no matter how I try I can no longer keep my secret. I am going to ask you a question and sincerely hope you will give me a favorable reply. The question has been lying on my heart for a long while for fear you would not consider it.

I have hesitated to approach the subject earlier; although I have known you only a short time, I have learned to regard you with more than a mere liking.

Please do not think me bold, dear, in writing this; only consider my feeling and you will not wonder at the question I am going to ask. It has caused me great anxiety and many sleepless nights, and I hope you will consider it fairly and have a little pity for one who is joyful and yet dreading your answer. Now for the question, "Dearest, do you think the price of Men's clothing will go up?"

Roscoe (Who is in love): Sidney dear I a——

Sidney (The noted linguist, interfering): Roscoe, you are a dodi-poll.

Roscoe: Oh! do you really love me?

From what resulted Roscoe decided that something was wrong and consulted Webster and found that dodipoll meant blockhead.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

One of the most lively and jolliest surprise parties of the season took place at the home of Miss Marjorie Victoria Barber, on Hillside Terrace, Friday evening, Nov. 7th. The event was to celebrate Miss Barber's advent into the realms of independence, or her eighteenth birthday. The following is a brief outline of the method of procedure of the jolly party and how it originated.

Fair Marjorie's mama thought it would be nice to give her darling daughter a little party on her birthday, but somehow forgot to tell Miss M. V. B., so she decided to have a real surprise party. Mama was to make all the preparations in the way of culinary art; the party was merely to bring as much noise and as empty stomachs as possible.

Mama Barber invited: Dick Brown, Calvin Brown, Lena Brown, Daisy Brown, Belle Brown, Richard Brown, Mrs. Brown, Jack Brown, Ruth Brown, Pat Brown, Wm. Brown, Charlie Brown, Grandma Brown, Daisy George, and, of course, Mr. Arthur Arlette Pedersen. (Let it here be stated in order that our gentle readers shall not get the above names confused, that Belle Brown is Cal Brown's dog, Jack Brown is Bill Brown's dog, Pat is Richard Brown's horse and Daisy Brown

is Dick Brown's horse; all the rest are human). All were to meet at the portals to the terrace at seven-thirty o'clock.

The fatal evening approached Dick Brown wasn't able to come, because Daisy George's mama wouldn't let her go. Calvin Brown's old toothache returned and Cal thought it best to stay at home and entertain his unwelcome guest, and

Lena Brown

Went out of town.

Daisy Brown, being Dick Brown's horse, could not be present because Dick Brown could not come, because Daisy George could not come, because her mother wouldn't let her. Belle Brown, a real dog, stayed at her mother's bedside. Mrs. Brown stayed home. Richard Brown, being Mr. to Mrs. Brown, of course, stayed home too, and consequently Pat Brown had to stay home. Molly Brown is Mrs. to Charlie Brown and Ruth Brown is Bill Brown's better half. The last four named missed the electric car, and couldn't come. Grandma Brown wasn't expected to come. That leaves us with only the notorious Arthur Arlette to dispose of, doesn't it?

Arthur Arlette hitched old Susy to his wagon and drove off in the highest of spirits. It was 7:45 when he approached the portals and not finding the rest of the party, decided he was late and drove up to Mar-

jorie's house. He tied his horse to the wagon-wheel, stamped his muddy feet on the front porch, blew his nose and pounded his knuckles on the front door; after he had gained admittance, he most furiously rattled his bones and jingled a twenty-five cent piece and a key in his pocket. Marjorie was so surprised and pleased to see him that she screamed in accents wild, "My Arthur!"

Well now, since Arthur Arlette isn't a very noisy boy and is somewhat bashful, he prefers being alone with Marjorie. He thought it would be nice to make a real evening of it and journey forth to a nickelodeon. Arthur Arlette figured thusly; "I have twenty-five cents; that will pay our way into the Gem. Then Marjorie can have two Soda Pops and I'll have a bag of Peanuts."

The following morning in the society columns of our daily paper this notice was printed:

A SURPRISE TO MISS MARJORIE BARBER.

A group of the younger set gave Miss Marjorie Barber a most pleasant surprise at her home on Hillside Terrace, in honor of her 18th birthday, last evening. Games were played and an eating contest held. All the games and the eating contest were won by Arthur Pedersen, a student in the local high school.

Afterwards a nickelodeon party was enjoyed and a dainty luncheon held at the local ice cream parlor. The party journeyed home at a late hour.

Among those present were: Arthur Pedersen, Mr. Arthur A. Pedersen, Mr. A. A. Pedersen, Mr. A. Arlette Pedersen, Mr. Arthur Arlette Pedersen and Miss Marjorie Victoria Barber.

CHURCH NOTICES

FIRST CARD PLAYERS

Pastor—Rev. Albertus Adams.
Subject—"Whose deal is it?"
Res:—In the little room behind the bar.

FIRST CALVANISTIC

Pastor:—Rev. Calwa Brown.
Subject:— "Why Corona boys don't smoke."
Res:—Corona, Cal.
(Editor's Note: Tobacco can't be bought in Corona).

LAST CHANCE CHURCH

Pastor:—Ralph Wilhelm Rorden.
Subject:— "How to deliver hot air."
Res:—In a Buick Garage.
(Editor's Note: This lecture will be interesting to all who hope to be Student Body presidents.)

FATTIES' FRATERNITY

Pastress:—Dr. Charlotte Smith
Sextoness:—Gladys Corry.
Deaconess:—Florence Jorgenson
Subject:—"Is it healthful to be thin?"
Res:—Any room having a concrete floor.
(Editor's note: It must be great to be fat.)

GREAT MYSTERY SOLVED

Genrickshaw, The Famous Detective Expounds Notable Case.

(Special to the Egg)

The Shop, Calif., Jan. 10, 1915. One of the most important mystery cases that baffled the community for years was solved to-day by Genrickshaw, the infamous detective.

On Jan. 7th, Prof. Bink showed symptoms of despondency and on the 8th the esteemed Professor looked so disconsolate that his many friends began to fear for his mental health. On the same day Miss Hesse seemed so overjoyed that she could hardly pursue her duties. The next day Prof Bink was still lower in spirits and even threatened to can the whole physics class, while Miss Hesse was so correspondingly light hearted that she did not see Leonard Meyers lean out of the window and whistle at a skirt that went along the street. Now, kind reader, put two and two together.

The mystery threatened to go unsolved until the aforesaid famous bone-head chanced upon wagon tracks before the door of the shop and found a piece of mud in the school yard. The next clue in the chain of evidence was a notice posted upon the shop door which seemed to have been written by T. Bink in his mental anguish.

After smoking 19 pipes and dreaming two nights on the case, Genrickshaw decided upon it and announced that Miss Hesse was guilty of a very grave offense; namely, that she had broken the Hon. T. Bink's heart.

The method she used is herewith told by the famous Genrickshaw: On Jan. 8th Miss Hesse, without serving any notice whatsoever, called an expressman and had her famous, beloved bookcase removed to her home. The faithful ornament had decorated many corners of the shop for the last year and a half and Prof. Bink had spent many long, blissful hours coaxing it to assume the proper dignity. The clue that enabled the detective to solve the mystery was the following notice found on Bink's desk the morning after the bereavement:

NOTICE

SHOP CLOSED

SAD BEREAVEMENT

FAITHFUL SERVANT. LONG
WITH US. DEPARTED TO
FINAL REST.

How could she be so cruel!

Prof. T. BINK.

The EGG, a clean family newspaper for the home and fireside.

THE DAILY EGG

ALUMNI

(Contributed by unreliable sources of information and the EGG will not stand responsible for any misstatements).

Prof. Raymond Skilling
Teaching German in the Cotati Kindergarten.

Scribe Beebe Dykes
Is elsewhere mentioned in this publication.

Squeak Meeks
Is still squeaking as far as can be learned.

Oliver LeFebvre
Is expounding Socialism to the cows and chickens.

Harold Madison
Is now working for the rights of henpecked husbands.

Ralph Tanner
Is helping Mr. Madison.

Miss Sidna Hellman
Is still looking for a handsome husband.

Leo Leonard
Is said to be getting thinner.

Miss Iva Doss
Has gained a few pounds.
Congratulations Miss Doss.

Everett Linoberg
Is working for the filtered sewer works in S. F.

Homer Green
Sells beefstake by the yard.

Bernard Groverman
Is still in the rag business.

Dickson Brown
Is after the Daisy job.

CLASSICAL ADS.

WANTED--A husband, Mrs. Frank Weiman to be.

WANTED—A few appendicitis patients for me to practice on. R. Cromwell.

WANTED—An English class with no one in it similar to Leonard Meyers. Miss E. V. Hesse.

WANTED—A job on a good paper by the editor of the EGG.

FOR SALE—One guaranteed line marker. Dallas Ruhlman, Tennis Mgr.

FOR SALE—One Socialist Platform. Made of 2 in. x 4 in. Pine 16 feet long. Miss Georgia Hall.

FOR SALE—Various assorted clues. Genrickshaw, The Dick.

FOR SALE OR RENT—One voice, with proper cultivation this voice promises to be a noisy one. Amassa Morse Bowles.

WANTED—A new boy to flirt with. One having no experience preferred. Miss Gwyneth Gamage.

FOR SALE—My full line of second hand handkerchiefs. Only been used once. Paul Sales.

WANTED—Position as Deacon in a church. Eric Tonningsen.

WANTED—Position as Sexton in the same church. Herb. Cochrane.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—One Reo Model 1900 B. C. Price \$5.00, or will exchange for a FORD and four oil cans. Must be seen to be appreciated. No agents. Questions cheerfully answered and correspondence solicited. Walter Otto Smith.

THE DAILY EGG

FOR SALE—One horse, blind on one eye, otherwise fit for horsemeat. Also one dozen Apple Boxes, assorted sizes. E. Dickson.

FOR SALE—One tin whistle, formerly used in a Basket Ball contest. Will sell reasonably if taken at once, as owner must have the cash. T. Binkley.

HEARD IN THE BASEMENTS

Mr. Dean Smith now wears long pants.

Dan Anzini insists on eating garlic. Someone will shoot him soon.

Paul Sales, the local detective, wears a pair of No. 14 shoes now.

Ralph Harrington's mother says she thinks that perhaps some day Ralphie will be a man.

Martha Wessels has sent for another bottle of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Ray Winans and his many friends will be pleased to know that he is now traveling in the company of Miss Hall.

Marjorie Barber actually *bought* a pencil at Leavitt's.

The Doss family have enlarged their bathtub.

Alas! Dorothy Bolz has purchased 'Everybody's doin' it now.'

O. Tonningsen's mother says that her boy is growing out of all his clothes.

It is rumored that A. Morse Bowles, the local architect, has received a commission to design a hen house for Miss Martha Wessels, the Cotati Farmeress. The deal will probably keep Morse in cigarette money for a day or so.

FOR SALE—CHEAP! CHEAP!! CHEAP!!!

**ONE COURSE IN
PATTERN MAKING**

IVAN McKINSKY

No. 0 Manual Training Room

**LET THE BULL DUST TWINS
DO YOUR WORK**

Mabel Lauritzen & Georgiana Murphy

WORK SLOPPILY DONE

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT

How to Run a Ford, By Sidney Samuel Sanderson.

First to run a FORD you must possess one. Now to enjoy the great luxuries of life one must give up something and if you have not already been presented with a Tin Lizzie I seriously advise you to sell your Ingersoll and purchase one. Upon receiving your new FORD, if you do not yet know how to run it carefully carry it home and build a garage for it. Like an Automobile it needs a garage. The cheapest and simplest way to build a FORD garage is to convert an empty soda cracker box into one by knocking out one end and attaching two shingles across the top. An ancient bird-cage might be used in place of the cracker box. Before running your FORD you must fill the radiator and also put in some oil and gas. About a thimble-full of each of water and gas and oil will be all that is necessary. The next thing to be done is to crank your self-startless FORD, though, if you are not so inclined, the baby will be fully able to do it for you. You next throw out your clutch. (Please ex-

cuse the last sentence and forget it, as I thought I was writing about an automobile). Your great toe will have sufficient pressure to throw it into low, so be careful not to put your foot on it, as such a foot as Wank Feiman's would certainly break the delicate thing. Before advancing very far, examine the ground for lice powder, as your FORD will not pass over such an obstruction. Be sure there are no matches or small pebbles on the highway, or your FORD will be apt to be jarred off the earth, and your many friends will be mourning your demise.

After you have toured around the block and if by a mere chance you return home whole, your family will fall upon your neck and with tears beseech you not to trust Providence again. And after all this has come to pass I advise you to wish your FORD upon some dear enemy, and to repurchase your Ingersoll.

(Editor's Note: Many of our readers will wonder why we put this article in this department, so the editor wishes to explain that we were unable to classify it elsewhere.)

FORCED SALE!!

All goods positively BELOW cost.
My Fine Stock of High Class LIQUORS
A SURE BARGAIN

CHAS. RAYMOND

Wholesale Liquor Dealer.

POULTRY DEPARTMENT

Prof. W. O. Smith, A. M., M. D.

Answers to Queries.

Mr. O. Wahlstrom: We are sole agents for Poultry Cascarets.

Mr. Fay Miller: No, Fay. All chickens are not birds.

Mr. R. Rorden: From what you say I think that your duck has diphtheria. Do not keep the other duck in the same pen.

Mr. C. Raymond: No, your chicken is not a pullet, she is an old hen.

Mr. O. Tonningsen: The editor has no knowledge of how to treat little chickens. Full information can be had from Mr. O. Hopkins or Bobby Bruce.

Miss E. F. Daniel: Read my book 'Botany, an aid to the poultry raiser,' and you will know why grass is green.

(Editor's Note: In the next issue of the EGG a full description of the poultry business will be given by the noted authority, Miss Emmaline V. Hessian, the title of her article being 'From the Egg to the Cackle').

AUCTION

One ENGLISH CLASS—Class includes such noted specimens as Ivan Meeks and L. Meyers.

Reasons for Selling: They make me tired.

Apply MISS E. V. HESSE, Room 10.

MISTAKE THEATRE

20 REEL ——— SPECIAL ——— 20 REEL

KALAE Comedy— Featuring 'Fatty' ArBECKle

LOVE IS BLIND—Featuring Henry Doss and Georgiana Murphy.—A great Melodrama.

PATHETIC WEEKLY —Kindergartens of the world in Athletic competition.—I McKinney breaks world's record with a jump of 1 foot 3 inches.

ADMISSION - - - - - ONE JIT

The Enterprise

Published Semi-Annually by the Student Body of the
Petaluma High School

VOLUME XXXVII; No. 1.

Editorial Staff

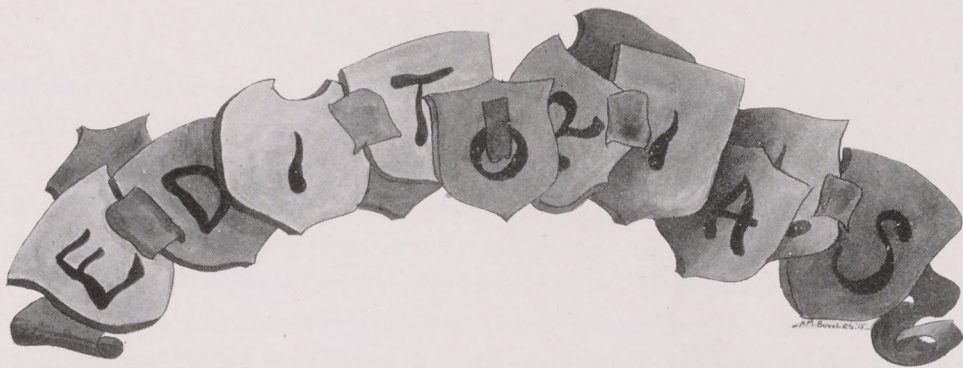
ARTHUR PEDERSEN Editor-in-Chief
MARJORIE BARBER Associate Editor

Departments

LITERARY	Gladys Corry
ORGANIZATIONS—SCHOOL NOTES	Wesley Wheeler
THE DAILY EGG	Paul Sales
ALUMNI	Esther Dickson
ATHLETICS	Theophil Peloquin
EXCHANGES	Pansy Parmeter
JOSHES	Herbert Cochrane
ART	{ Morse Bowles
	{ Martha Wessels

Business Staff

ELWOOD BYCE Manager



Arthur Pedersen

The Educational Value of the Exposition

A young man, intelligent and wellbred, came west to see the Panama Pacific International Exposition. He was a jolly young fellow with a good natured phrase for everything.



Marjorie Barber

He had often heard and read about the Exposition. He prided himself in his knowledge of what a great thing it was. He had heard so many people, who had seen it, say wonderful things about it that he pictured it, as many who have not seen it do, as a 'great big international show.'

At the gates of the Exposition grounds his picture started to fade. A more beautiful, harmonious picture was taking its place. He entered and his original picture became dimmer. This new picture was becoming as distinct as the painting of a great master. The old picture faded away completely and left him looking at a wonderful picture that made him stand in speechless admiration. He was awe-stricken at the greatness of man's accomplishment.

He came again, and his wonder and admiration increased. He marvelled that such a wonderful thing could possibly be the result of mere human toil and thought. It seemed as though God himself had lent a helping hand. The artistic beauty far exceeded his conception of art. The display of builders' genius was beyond his imaginative ability. The harmony of it all amazed him. A warm feeling of brotherhood, indescribable, bespoke itself. That agricultural development

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

was progressing so rapidly was hard to believe. The scientific and industrial exhibits were personifications of genius. Improved educational methods startled him.

He was learning to appreciate the onward movement of civilization. It was not a pagan show. Christianity was plainly a dominant inspiration of the standards of life, of the attainment of civilization and idealisms. It was transforming the world. It represented the greatest visible manifestation of the spread and growth of moral and mental betterment. Under no other circumstances could such an aggregation of the races of the world and the results of their industrial, educational and artistic development be brought together. This, its great work, it had performed unobserved.

He went back home again. He had learned a remarkable lesson of the progress of humanity. He enthusiastically told the folks, "It is the last word in human achievement. Our language does not contain words to describe the immensity, the charm and variety of it. It is as impressive as Spring in all her glories, you cannot help but be impressed by it. There is a complete education in the Panama Pacific International Exposition."

The Budget System

At the beginning of the school year a committee, consisting of a representative from every class and two faculty representatives, met to revise and amend the constitution. Among the changes made in the constitution the most important one was that called The Budget System.

The Budget System, a new and more efficient system than we have had in previous years, was adopted for the purpose of more fully meeting our financial needs. It provides that each pupil, upon enrollment for each school term, pay the treasurer of the Associated Student Body the sum of one dollar. Upon payment he becomes a member of the student body, and has a vote in all student body matters and is eligible to hold a student body office. He is also permitted to attend, free of charge, all athletic contests, the annual show, any glee club or orchestra recital, the Freshman and Senior Receptions, and is given a copy of the school paper, 'The Enterprise.' The money is apportioned to the various activities according to their just requirements as esti-

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

mated at the beginning of the term; but cannot be used without the consent of the student body.

If each student, upon enrollment, pays the necessary fee, he will find before the expiration of the year that it has cost him about one-fourth of what it would have cost if he were not a student body member. Every student who feels that he can possibly afford to join the student body is urged to do so, but the officers will be glad to assist those desirous of joining, but who are unable financially to do so, by giving membership cards in return for services rendered in some pleasant task assigned them.

This system has been successfully used in a number of schools, and in view of the splendid spirit now shown by the students it should undoubtedly prove a success for us.

We take this opportunity to thank those who have contributed to the issuing of this paper, both those whose material we have used and those who gladly contributed, but whose material we were unable to use through lack of space. We fully appreciate the interest taken by our faculty, in particular Mr. Smith, Miss Prutzman, and Miss Miller, shown by their untiring aid and helpful suggestions. We also feel greatly indebted to the photographers Wayne and Freeman, for their special interest in this work, and our advertisers who have helped us greatly, financially.



The Manager's Page



W. Elwood Byce

THE Manager appreciates this opportunity to say "thank you" to the enterprising business firms of our city whose advertisements have helped to make this issue possible.

To the heads of the different departments I extend my thanks for the good work done by them, and especially to Mr. Ralph Rorden, our Student Body President, for the work and interest manifested by him in behalf of the Enterprise.

If reward comes to everyone in proportion to the wishes of the Manager you will feel as happy as he.

WILBUR ELWOOD BYCE,
Manager "The Enterprise."

SCHOOL NOTES



Wesley Wheeler

THREE cheers for us! We are going to have a new High School. The Board of Education has at last aroused the people of Petaluma to the fact that we are in need of a new High School. The faculty and the students gave their loyal support to the campaign in every possible manner. Circulars were distributed, and on the day of the election some of the students formed a band and paraded the streets with their banners and colors flying and carrying huge signs with the words, "Vote for the School Bonds."

The spirit and enthusiasm manifested by the students and realization of the real necessity of a new building influenced the people to vote almost unanimously for it.

At the next assembly the greatest rally that P. H. S. has even seen took place. The cheering and rejoicing of the students and faculty shook the old building. Mr. Smith expressed his appreciation in his talk to the Student Body.

The class of 1916 will graduate from the new building. The site chosen contains six acres so there will be ample room to carry on all branches of athletics. The plans have been drawn; the contracts let and the building is now under way.

The Monday morning assemblies have been filled with business and singing.

A new Victrola has been presented to the school by the Board of Education and on different occasions we have enjoyed high class music.

The student body dues have been ample for all requirements. The school year closes with all bills paid.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

THE SCHOOL PLAY

The school play proved to be a great success. Those who took part acted exceptionally well. A group of professionals could hardly have done better. The opera house was crowded. Although there were over two hundred tickets given to members of the Student Body, the play was a big financial success.

THE CAST

The Honorable Geoffrey Myrtleton Ralph Rorden
(Congressman from the 9th District)
Silas Jervis Elwood Byce
Elisha Basset Thurlow Haskell
(Myrtleton's Constituents from Rambelton)
Ensign Jack Meridith Ray Winans
(Acting under sealed orders)
Pinkerton Case, (amateur detective) Paul Sales
Vere Lee Bill Milner
(An amateur actor, and author of "The Fatal Shot.")
Jasper, (The butler at Bachelor Hall), Clinton Madison
O'Rourke, (Policeman), Herbert Cochrane
Betty Vance, (Myrtleton's ward) Imogene Jones
Polly Reynolds, (An amateur actress) Clara Knight
Mrs. Van Styne Gladys Corry
(Who has dramatic aspirations)
Claire, (Her daughter who has not) Bessie Lepley
The play was under the able supervision of Mrs. Greene and Miss Prutzman.

The class teachers for the year are: Seniors, Mr. Smith; High Juniors, Miss Prutzman; Low Juniors, Miss Hesse; High Sophomores, Miss Beauchamp and Miss Hesse; Low Sophomores, Miss Schluckebier; High Freshman, Miss Lindsay; and Low Freshman, Miss Woodman.

Miss Perkins is with us again. She has been added to the English department, as has Miss Miller. Miss Lindsay has replaced Miss Poland in the Latin department. Miss Woodman, who has been seriously ill is again in charge of the history. We welcome them all.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

The regular Friday afternoon assemblies have been resumed. Some of these have been devoted to educational and entertainment selections on the victrola, while others were entirely to business.

A very interesting entertainment was given Lincoln's Day. Rev. L. L. Loofbourow was the principal speaker of the day, taking as his subject the Emancipation Proclamation. Two selections were rendered by the Glee Club.

The Glee Club have spent all of the last semester in preparing for the Operetta, "Polished Pebbles."

The operetta "Polished Pebbles" presented by the Glee Club at Guild Hall was an overwhelming success.

The Freshman Class of '18 is the largest that has entered the school. There were 77 Freshmen.

A pleasant vacation was enjoyed during institute week.



Organizations

THE STUDENT BODY

This year the Student Body has been a very important factor in the carrying on of school affairs. During the first semester it voted to do away with the semi-annual number of the Enterprise, so that a larger and better paper could be put out annually.

Three amendments to the new constitution were passed, the chief one being the Budget System. Through this system the money taken in by the treasurer is apportioned to the various activities of the school according to the amounts asked for by the managers.

Another of the amendments is the new system of collecting dues, which has proved to be very efficient. The dues have been doubled. Each member is given a ticket which admits him to the games and entertainments held under the auspices of the school and he is also entitled to a copy of the school paper.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

The Student Body officers for the following year are as follows:

Miles Murphy	President
Tharlow Haskell	Vice President
Esther Dickson	Secretary
Calvin Brown	Accountant
Charles Batchelder	Editor Enterprise
Clarence Magetti	Manager Enterprise
Florence Nickson	Librarian
Roscoe Evans	Yell Leader
Norton Keyt	Manager Track
Aline Barber	Manager Girls' Basketball
Clinton Madison	Manager Boys' Basket Ball
Dallas Ruhlman	Manager Baseball
Bill Milner	Manager Boys' Tennis
E. Raymond	Manager Girls' Tennis

GLEE CLUB

By far the greatest and most successful undertaking this term was the production of the Operetta, "Polished Pebbles," on Friday evening, May 7th. The Operetta was accompanied by the school orchestra directed by Miss Hesse.

CAST

Rosalie	Florence Glahn
Mrs. Gabble, (The village gossip)	Nina Squires
Mrs. O'Brien, (Aunt of Rosalie)	Georgiana Murphy
Winifred } Her Daughters	{ Victoria Casarotti
Millicent }	{ Alice Allen
Martha, (Village Girl)	Esther Pedersen
Uncle Bob, (Uncle of Mrs. O'Brien)	Charles Batchelder
Mr. Gabble	Morse Bowles
Nick, (Village Boy)	Clifford Stice

Chorus of sunbonnet girls and overall boys.

Our appreciation is extended to Miss Prutzman under whose competent leadership the students were well fitted to represent the school talent.



Theophil Peloquin

OUR interest in athletics has increased wonderfully during the past year, and a time has now come when we are strong competitors for honors in any field. We have been encouraged by all; teachers, fellow students, and outside admirers, each making us more confident of ourselves and yet showing us the folly of overconfidence. Interest has been taken, not alone for the glory of P. H. S., nor even for the physical benefits we receive. But we strive to make P. H. S. known as a school wherein pure sportmanship is taught and to prove ourselves boys and girls struggling rightly and with determination to win fairly and thus learn a lesson of what is later attained in life in greater things by "honest-to-goodness" work.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

We hope that as our desire to learn and conquer increases, our interest in athletics may increase, for outside of our daily lessons in school, there is no place where greater lessons can be learned. We learn the lesson of unselfishness, of kindness, of correct living, of systematic progress, and we learn to use our "punch." Each in itself is a great attainment.

At the beginning of the school year when changes in the Constitution are generally considered to me in order, a revision was made regarding the awarding of Block Letters.

Each activity, track, basket-ball, baseball, tennis, football, and handball, is represented by an individual style of Letter. Blocks were designed for those who succeeded in securing blocks in three activities, to be known as the "All-Star," a "Combination" for a student who has made ten points in any combination of sports, and a "Literary," of script design, to be granted only by the popular approval of the Student Body to editors of the Enterprise whose achievement is considered worthy of this block.

This is practically a new idea and great interest is being shown by a number of students who look forward to securing the "All-Star" block, the hardest of all to achieve.

We must not pass on without thanking everyone for the interest taken in our athletic progress. We wish to thank the faculty for their influence, to emphasize our appreciation to the entire student body for its support, and to thank our teacher and coach, Mr. Binkley, for his special interest in our welfare.

BASKETBALL

Our basketball season, which has just closed, has been one of the most successful we have ever experienced. Although our list of victories is not great, we consider each game an achievement in some way. Wherever the teams have gone they have returned with a feeling of pride, for they realized that they were creating a favorable impression, even though they were on the short end of the score.

The boys played a game each with Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, San Rafael, Tomales and Sonoma, and return games with Tamalpais and Sebastopol.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

TOP ROW—T. Peloquin, J. Rae, Cal. Brown, Chas. Batchelder.

BOTTOM ROW—A. Pedersen, C. Madison.

The team consisted mostly of new talent but by consistent practice on the school court and with the Spartan team, through the kindness of their manager, Mr. Sandvig, the boys developed nicely. The lineup consisted of the following:

Peloquin	Forward
Pedersen (Captain)	Forward
Rae	Center
Madison (Manager)	Guard
Batchelder	Guard
Brown	Substitute

At the close of the season Clinton Madison was unanimously chosen captain for the coming season. With Madison as their leader a good team should be developed next year.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

TOP ROW—Annie Lund, Dora Jurgenson, Martha Wessels, (Mgr.), Emma Weiman, Ruby Merritt.

SECOND ROW—Vivian Church, Marjorie Barber, (Capt.), Ethel Raymond.

THIRD ROW—Bessie Denny, Bessy Skilling.

The girls' team under the management of Martha Wessels, the captaincy of Marjorie Barber, the coaching of Prof. Binkley and the chaperonage of Mrs. Binkley proved them to be the champions of this part of the state.

Any argument on the part of our neighboring schools with reference to the championship of Sonoma, Napa and Solano Counties is ridiculous and unfounded. The team has easily beaten all its competitors for the honor and is justly proud of its accomplishment. It is to be regretted, however, that girls' basketball has not been a part of the schedule governed by some league, for they would then feel that they were officially the champion team.

Among the teams played were those of San Rafael, Tamalpais, Sebastopol, Santa Rosa and Tomales, return games being played with Tamalpais and Sebastopol.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

The team consisted of:

Bessie Skilling	Side Center
Annie Lund	Side Center
Martha Wessels, (Manager)	Touch Center
Vivian Church	Forward
Marjorie Barber, (Captain)	Forward
Dora Jorgenson	Guard
Emma Weiman	Guard
Ruley Merritt	Substitute
Bessie Denny	Substitute
Ethel Raymond	Substitute

At the close of the season the girls were voted their blocks, the first blocks awarded under the new ruling.

TRACK

Track and field athletics—that's where P. H. S. shows her real strength. The entire student body has shown a far greater interest in this field than any other. It is here that the boys have an opportunity to "display their wares."

The boys deeply regret that they were unable to compete in the autumn meet, held in Sebastopol, for considering the condition of the boys at that time they would have been strong competitors for first honors. New material developed as by magic, and the more mature material, through experience in previous meets, look forward to a successful season. It was a misfortune that the boys were unable to compete because of the diphtheria quarantine.

We intended holding a dual meet with Ukiah at the beginning of the spring training season, but because of the uncertainty of weather conditions and the poor condition of the track, we were obliged to call it off, much to the dissatisfaction of some.

The entire team of fifteen men will undoubtedly consist of the following athletes, to be entered at the S. N. S. C. A. L. meet, to be held at Santa Rosa, May 1, 1915, and at the Northwestern Sub-league of the C. I. F. meet, to be held at Ukiah, May 15, 1915:

McKinney, 120 yd. hurdles, 220 yd. hurdles, high jump
Murphy, (Captain) 220 yd. dash, 440 yd. dash, javelin
Pedersen 50 yd. dash, 100 yd. dash, shot put



TRACK TEAM

Paul Sales, Miles Murphy, Ivan McKinney Val. Burrows, Marion Hammel,
Eric Tonningsen, Arthur Pedersen, Fred Carr, Cal. Brown, Chris Bennecke, Chas. Bock,
Norton Keyt, Wesley Wheeler, C. Leonard, Albert Nusbaum.

Brown	high hurdles, pole vault, broad jump
Wheeler, (Manager)	mile run, half mile run
Keyt	mile run
Carr	440 yd. dash, half mile run
Nusbaum	mile run
Hammel	half mile run, 220 yd. dash
Leonard	50 yd. dash, 100 yd. dash
V. Burrows	220 yd. dash, 440 yd. dash
Bock	220 yd hurdles
Bennecke	220 yd. dash, broad jump
Tonningsen	pole vault, broad jump
Sales	120 yd. hurdles, high jump

In order to pick the team an interclass meet was held. The Seniors won with a total of 62 1-3 points, the Freshman came second with 33 1-3 points, the Juniors third with 31 1-3 points and the Sophomores fourth with 15 points.

The relay race was won by the Seniors, Juniors second and Sophomores third.



Wesley Wheeler



Miles Murphy



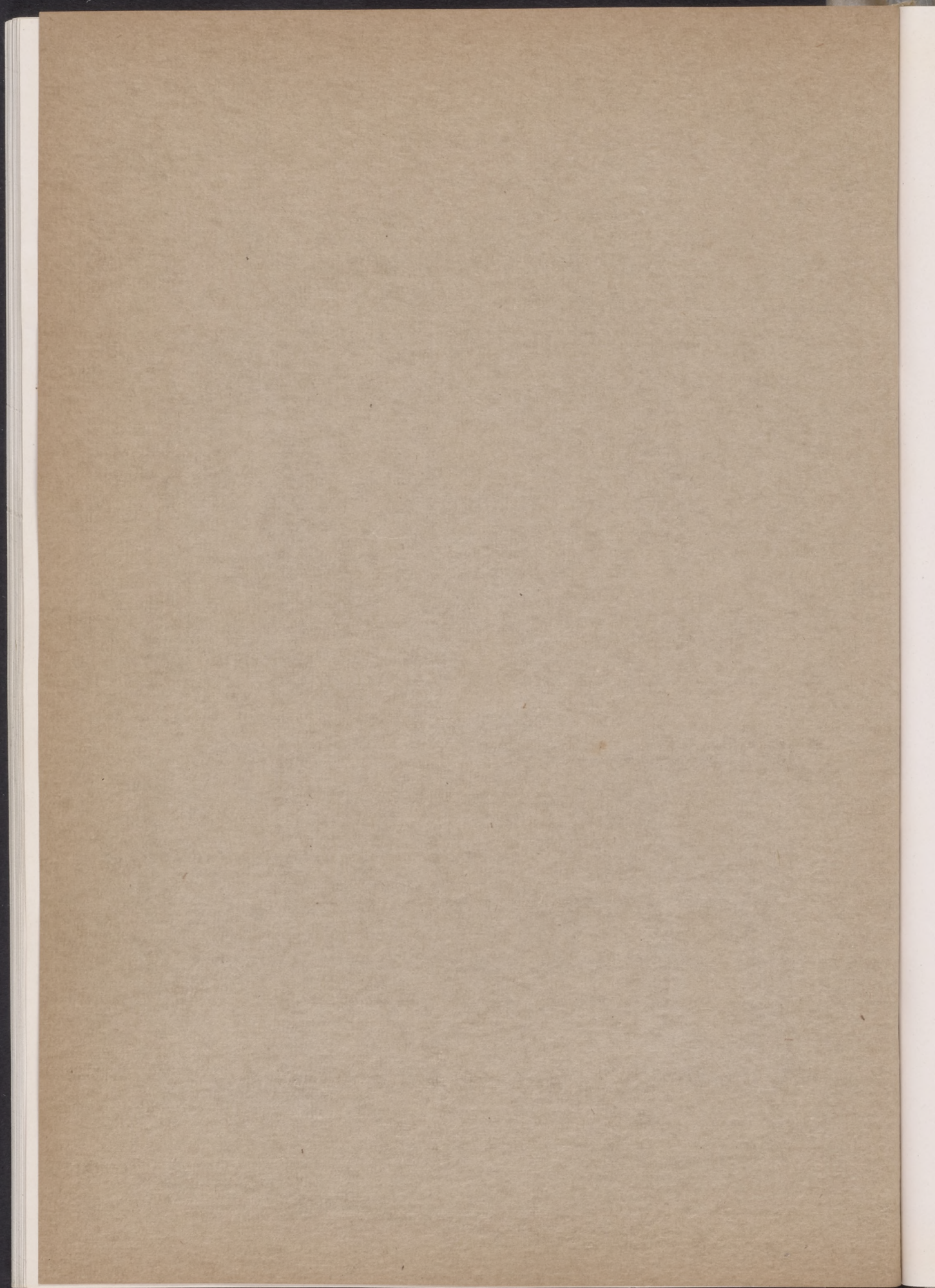
Eric Tonningsen



Arthur Pedersen



Ivan McKinney



THE ENTERPRISE, '15

BASEBALL

The baseball team has been playing at a disadvantage and little has been accomplished. The proper spirit abounds, but we are lacking in a place to train and are also handicapped because of the fact that certain boys on the team work before and after school, and consequently they lack team-work.

Several good games have been played and although beaten, the boys are still at it, and hope to make a showing.

The team consisted of: Ruhlman, Carr (Manager), Pederson, Keyt, Peloquin, Batchelder (Captain), Dabner, Acorn and Rae, with substitutes, Brown, Hammel and Hoover.

TENNIS

Because of the school court a great number of students have been able to take part in this sport and good material has been developed. It is a sport wherein both boys and girls are able to take part and results in a more cooperative spirit among them.

Dallas Ruhlman, the manager, has shown a great improvement over his last year's playing and together with Captain Stice and Bill Milner he is practicing diligently for the approaching league games.





Esther
Dickson.

CLASS OF 1875

Ed D. Hedges Petaluma, Calif.

CLASS OF 1876

Mrs. Emma Elder Cady, .. Petaluma, Cal.
John P. Craig Petaluma, Calif.
Mrs. Mary Hinkle Zook, San Rafael, Calif.
Chas. Munday Seattle, Wash.

CLASS OF 1877

Frank Cromwell Petaluma, Calif.
Allie Berger San Francisco, Calif.
Louis Valentine Los Angeles, Calif.
Mrs. Fanny Davidson Cooper
..... San Francisco, Calif.
Mrs. Sadie Wright Sheldon, Oakland, Calif.
Mrs. Maggie Young Davis, Santa Rosa, Cal.
Frank Towne San Bernardo, Calif.
George Jewell Petaluma, Calif.
John Naughton San Francisco, Calif.
Mary Ward Oregon
Mrs. Clara Sproule Ivancovitch.....
..... Petaluma, Calif.
J. A. Green Sacramento, Calif.
Mrs. Etta Elder Muscon ..Oakland, Calif.

CLASS OF 1878

Mrs. Kate Zartman Rankin,
..... Petaluma, Calif.
Mrs. Ella Gale McPhail, Petaluma, Calif.
Gil P. Hall Petaluma, Calif.
Geo. W. Gaston Petaluma, Calif.

CLASS OF 1879

E. Lippitt Petaluma, Cal.
Jennie Cavanagh Petaluma, Calif.
Mrs. Linnie Lawrence Dalton.....
..... Palo Alto, Calif.
Mrs. Nettie Fairbanks Higbee.....
..... Petaluma, Calif.
Dan Brown Fresno, Calif.
W. M. Benson, Santa Rosa, Cal.

CLASS OF 1880

Mrs. Laura Benson Ward,
..... Santa Rosa, Calif.
Alice Munday Seattle, Wash.
Mrs. Mattie Benson Miller,.. Napa, Calif.
Mrs. E. Holton Nelson Leote.....
..... San Francisco, Calif.
Mrs. Carrie Cadwell Atwater
..... Petaluma, Calif.
Mrs. E. Barlow Mordecai
..... Petaluma, Calif.
Joe Bernard Washington

CLASS OF 1881

Chas. Miller Napa, Calif.
J. W. Lawrence Petaluma, Calif.
Mrs. Eva Maynard Fairbanks.....
..... Berkeley, Calif.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

CLASS OF 1882

Lyman Green Petaluma, Cal.
 Jno. R. Denman Petaluma, Cal.
 Anna Casey Santa Rosa, Cal.
 Mrs. Florence Towne McNear. Sacramento
 Ora Peoples St. Helena, Cal.
 Geo. Baxter Berkeley, Cal.
 Mrs. Laura Cavanagh Whitney,
 Healdsburg, Cal.
 Jno. Kelley San Francisco, Cal.

CLASS OF 1883

Mrs. Jennie Lovejoy Spotswood, Petaluma
 Mrs. Myrtle Lawrence Winans, Petaluma
 Dan R. Stewart Petaluma, Cal.
 Cassie McGlynn Petaluma, Cal.
 Chas. Egan Petaluma, Cal.
 Hattie Wiswell Petaluma, Cal.

CLASS OF 1884

Thomas Studdert Petaluma, Cal.
 W. A. Chapman Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Lulu Hopkins Zartman, .. Petaluma
 Chas. Freeman Petaluma, Cal.
 Emmet Benson Petaluma, Cal.
 Theresa Murray Penngrove, Cal.
 Mrs. Fannie Munday Cox, Seattle, Wash.

CLASS OF 1885

Florence Mauzy Risk ... Petaluma, Cal.
 Jno. Peters Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Lizzie Fairbanks Hill, Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Cora Derby Benson, Petaluma, Cal.

CLASS OF 1886

Mrs. Nellie Egan McNear, Petaluma, Cal.
 Richard Craig Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Martha Tharp Sales, Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Rebecca Bowman Shader, Petaluma
 Harry Gossage Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Kate Hinkle Morrow, San Francisco
 Mrs. Gertrude Symonds Green
 San Francisco, Cal.
 Kate Geshegan Asti, Cal.
 Mrs. Jennie Ackerman Patterson ...
 N. Berkeley, Cal.
 Martha Thompson Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Helen Graves Byrne, Santa Cruz, Cal.
 Dell Jewell Grand Rapids, Cal.
 Mrs. Juanita Conley Cutting, San Rafael.
 Wallace Thompson ... Los Angeles, Cal.
 Gertrude Winans Willows, Cal.
 J. Rollow Leppo Santa Rosa, Cal.
 Wm. Fairbanks Alaska
 Mrs. Clara Charles Hanger, Fresno, Cal.
 Frank Davidson Sebastopol, Cal.

CLASS OF 1887

Wm. DeTurk San Francisco, Cal.
 Isadore J. Cereghino, San Francisco, Cal.
 Alfred Borlini San Francisco, Cal.
 Jno. McNear Petaluma, Cal.
 Edwin Heald Petaluma, Cal.
 Maggie Murray Petaluma, Cal.
 Anna McDowel Petaluma, Cal.
 Lulu Leppo Santa Rosa, Cal.
 Hugh Miller Napa Co., Cal.
 Geo. Miller Napa Co., Cal.
 Mrs. Libbie Barlow MacNeil, .. Honolulu
 Mrs. Effie Houx Bigelow, Glen Ellen, Cal.

CLASS OF 1888

Ella Cavanagh Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Freda Clemenson Wilson, Petaluma
 Alice C. Brown Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Christine Dinsmore Williams ..
 San Francisco, Cal.
 Stephen Costello San Francisco, Cal.
 Mrs. Nannie Mae Lewis Moles
 San Francisco, Cal.
 Anna C. Graves Oakland, Cal.
 Mrs. Gertrude Kuffle Fletcher
 Siskiyou Co., Cal.

CLASS OF 1889

Hall Lewis San Francisco, Cal.
 David Reese San Luis Obispo, Cal.
 Daniel Egan Petaluma, Cal.
 Emmet Counihan Petaluma, Cal.

CLASS OF 1890

Mrs. Etta Miller Gutermute, Petaluma, Cal.
 J. H. Gwinn Petaluma, Cal.
 Mary Adams Petaluma, Cal.
 James L. Dinwiddie Cotati, Cal.
 Mrs. Cora Peoples Chapman, Oakland, Cal.

CLASS OF 1891

Henry Newburgh San Francisco, Cal.
 Harry Symonds San Francisco, Cal.
 Mrs. Mattie Davidson Delaney,
 San Francisco, Cal.
 W. T. Mooney Petaluma, Cal.
 Arthur Tibbitts Petaluma, Cal.
 Emma Cavanagh Petaluma, Cal.
 Geo. Murphy Petaluma, Cal.
 Hattie Allen Marble Napa, Cal.
 Edwin S. McGrew Honolulu
 Daisy Show Pacific Creek, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

CLASS OF 1892

Jessie Peters Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Grace Maynard Nelson, San Francisco
 Pearle Scudder San Francisco, Cal.
 W. T. Mooney Petaluma, Cal.
 Ella Johnson Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Minnie Warner McCarger, Petaluma
 Emma Matzenbach Petaluma, Cal.
 Gertrude Hopkins White, Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Lillie Haskins Gray, Petaluma, Cal.
 Henry Guglielmetti Petaluma, Cal.
 Chas. Clemenson San Rafael, Cal.
 Maud Green Sacramento, Cal.
 Chas. Thomas Berkeley, Cal.

CLASS OF 1893

Millie Farrell Petaluma, Cal.
 Harold R. Campbell Petaluma, Cal.
 T. Milton Putnam Berkeley, Cal.
 Lester Parker Hall Dickson, Cal.
 Gustavus Bruckerman Alameda, Cal.
 Mrs. Ada Putnam Bickford ... Napa, Cal.

CLASS OF 1894

Mrs. Lucy Mills Pells, Guerneville, Cal.
 George A. Lynch ... San Francisco, Cal.
 Joseph Rafael San Francisco, Cal.
 Helen M. Anderson Peoples, Petaluma, Cal.
 W. P. Dunn Petaluma, Cal.
 Harold R. Campbell Petaluma, Cal.
 Mattie E. Fine Alameda, Cal.
 John Thompson Paso Robles, Cal.
 Arthur J. Todd Europe

CLASS OF 1895

Mrs. Georgie C. Graves Boswell
 Alameda, Cal.
 Mrs. Lillian Lewis Gamage Fleissner
 Petaluma, Cal.
 Harold Martin Petaluma, Cal.
 Frederick Ralph Starke, .. San Francisco
 Albert James Anderson Mexico
 W. O. Matthies Los Angeles, Cal.
 Frederick Martin Petaluma, Cal.

CLASS OF 1896

Stuart Z. Peoples Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Edith Goodman Gill, Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Stella Falkner Hall, Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Mary Counihan Smith, Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Edith Mary Lewis White, Petaluma
 Mrs. Ella Ormsby Putnam, Ventura, Cal.
 Henry Phillips Berlin, Germany
 Marcus Herndon Goshen, Mare Island, Cal.
 George Hays Salt Lake City, Utah

CLASS OF 1897

Agnes Elizabeth Brown, .. San Francisco.
 Thomas Talbot McGuire . Petaluma, Cal.
 Rodney Jay Putnam Ventura, Cal.
 Chas. A. Goshen Mare Island, Cal.

CLASS OF 1898

Daniel W. Kamp Petaluma, Cal.
 Hiram Hopkins Petaluma, Cal.
 Hill B. Graves Arizona

CLASS OF 1899

Mrs. Josephine Houx Olmsted, Petaluma.
 Frank Gale China
 Jno. W. Peoples Petaluma, Cal.

CLASS OF 1900

Joseph Schuman Solidad, Cal.
 Birdie Mooney Petaluma, Cal.
 Mabel C. Sweed Petaluma, Cal.
 Mabel Matzenbach, Petaluma, Cal.

CLASS OF 1901

Romildo Edward Perinoni, Petaluma, Cal.
 Pearl Houx Monett Petaluma, Cal.
 Clyde Healy Berkeley, Cal.
 Mrs. Gretchen Rost Pennngrove, Cal.

CLASS OF 1902

Mrs. Zada Smith Ott Petaluma, Cal.

CLASS OF 1903

Opal Hayes Berkeley, Cal.
 Carrie Mills Pennngrove, Cal.
 Elsa Schluckebier Petaluma, Cal.
 Thomas Winsor Berkeley, Cal.
 Tessie Sweed Petaluma, Cal.
 Floyd McAllister.... San Francisco, Cal.
 Lewis Cromwell San Francisco, Cal.
 Herbert Brainerd ... San Francisco, Cal.

CLASS OF 1904

J. W. Foster Petaluma, Cal.
 Ray Corliss Petaluma, Cal.
 John Lauritzen Petaluma, Cal.
 Martin Poehlmann Petaluma, Cal.
 Allie Anderson Petaluma, Cal.
 Emma Hyatt Frahm ... Petaluma, Cal.
 Mae Purvine San Francisco, Cal.
 Ida Perinoni Petaluma, Cal.
 Nelly T. Burns Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Ada Stones Ames ... Seattle, Wash.
 Genevieve Martinelli, .. San Rafael, Cal.
 Elizabeth Harran Pennngrove, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

CLASS OF 1905

Myrtle Nell Healy Brainerd, San Francisco
 Ludwig Schluckebier Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Irene Grace Hastings Ledbetter
 San Jose, Cal.
 Edith Brake Benns Penngrove, Cal.
 Lillian Mattei Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Olive Early Ayers, Penngrove, Cal.
 Florence Mills Penngrove, Cal.
 Clare Stratton Newman, Cal.
 Ruth McGuire Petaluma, Cal.
 Wm. A. Lewis Petaluma, Cal.
 Ruby E. Haskell Nisson Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Gertrude Wilder Hutchins, Oakland.
 Helen Poehlmann Lawler, Petaluma, Cal.
 Evelyn Louise Hall McAlister
 San Francisco, Cal.

CLASS OF 1906

Malcolm Byce Petaluma, Cal.
 Florentine Schluckebier Petaluma, Cal.
 Millen Winsor Oakland, Cal.
 Elizabeth Drennon Roemer, Mill Valley
 Carollyne McGovern Elmquist, Petaluma.
 Mata Meyerholtz Petaluma, Cal.
 Otto H. Long Oakland, Cal.
 Emma L. Oeltjen Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Ruth Pierce George, Petaluma, Cal.
 Helen E. Peters Palo Alto, Cal.
 Frances R. Smith Beaumont, Cal.

CLASS OF 1907

Belle Rankin Petaluma, Cal.
 Helen Purvine Petaluma, Cal.
 Susy May Cheesewright, . . San Francisco.
 Roy Butin Penngrove, Cal.
 Leo Hart Briggs, Cal.
 Mabel Fritsch Maggard Petaluma, Cal.
 Jose Mooney Frei Forestville, Cal.
 Nellie Graham Petaluma, Cal.

CLASS OF 1908

Julia Church Sausalito, Cal.
 Irene MacKay Berkeley, Cal.
 Harold G. Baugh Berkeley, Cal.
 Bryan Rice Petaluma, Cal.
 Ruth Trondsen Petaluma, Cal.
 Veda Bowles Hart Briggs, Cal.
 Florence Walsh Petaluma, Cal.
 Roy Evans Petaluma, Cal.
 Sophia Schuler Petaluma, Cal.
 Myra Green Petaluma, Cal.
 Russell Boothe Martinez, Cal.

CLASS OF 1909

Kitty Connolly, San Francisco, Cal.
 Ralph Comstock San Francisco, Cal.
 Jessie Scott Novato, Cal.
 Isabel Gilbert Petaluma, Cal.
 Chas. Denman Petaluma, Cal.
 Seth MacKay Berkeley, Cal.
 Anna Mae Canevascini Berkeley, Cal.
 Rowena Benson Petaluma, Cal.
 Genevieve Farrell Santa Rosa, Cal.
 Oliver Banta Oakland, Cal.
 Joseph Glikbarg San Francisco, Cal.

CLASS OF 1910

Lorene Myers Petaluma, Cal.
 Will Cannon San Francisco, Cal.
 Warren Early Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Addie Davies Atkinson, San Francisco
 Arthur Purvine Berkeley, Cal.
 Marion Partridge Petaluma, Cal.
 Will Barth Petaluma, Cal.
 Otto Klein Sacramento, Cal.
 Percy Peck Petaluma, Cal.
 Virgil Skinner San Francisco, Cal.
 Alice Dovey San Francisco, Cal.
 Leroy V. Brant Ft. Bragg, Cal.
 Rena Van Marter Petaluma, Cal.
 Ruth King Petaluma, Cal.
 Emma Saline Petaluma, Cal.
 Edna Boysen San Rafael, Cal.
 Helen Soldate San Francisco, Cal.
 Shirley Bock Pittsburg, Cal.

CLASS OF 1911

Clifford Allen Petaluma, Cal.
 Irene Harran San Francisco, Cal.
 Lillian Keller San Francisco, Cal.
 Percy Mills Berkeley, Cal.
 Enid Dorroh Petaluma, Cal.
 Mary Connolly Petaluma, Cal.
 Ethel Cannon San Francisco, Cal.
 Will Loftus Petaluma, Cal.

CLASS OF 1912

Genevieve Gallagher Petaluma, Cal.
 Kathleen Hall Petaluma, Cal.
 Lois Comstock Petaluma, Cal.
 Jane Ryan Petaluma, Cal.
 Lydia Allen Petaluma, Cal.
 Martha Saline Petaluma, Cal.
 Clara Dahlman Petaluma, Cal.
 Geraldine Hall Petaluma, Cal.
 Flora Church Petaluma, Cal.
 Mabel Casarotti Petaluma, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

Clarice Kennedy	Chico, Cal.	Marion Orr	Los Angeles, Cal.
Helen Stratton	San Francisco, Cal.	Harold Peck	Berkeley, Cal.
Mary Bower	Jamul, Cal.	Alice Silva Madison	Petaluma, Cal.
Robert Adams	Petaluma, Cal.	Hattie Smith	Kern Co., Cal.
Geraldine Boothe	Berkeley, Cal.	Marie Tagliaferri ...	San Francisco, Cal.
Carlton Dorroh	Petaluma, Cal.	Norma Van Marter ...	San Francisco, Cal.
Millicent Horwege	Petaluma, Cal.		
Herman Raymaker ...	Los Angeles, Cal.		
Loretta Gallagher	Petaluma, Cal.		
Lois Purvine	Petaluma, Cal.		
Leslie Thomas	Middletown, Cal.		
Tillie Oeltjen	Petaluma, Cal.		
Leola Pinger	Berkeley, Cal.		
Ruth Anderson	Petaluma, Cal.		

CLASS OF 1912

Will Symons	Petaluma, Cal.
Marie Benjamin	Berkeley, Cal.
Hall Weston	San Francisco, Cal.

CLASS OF 1913

Velma Benson	Petaluma, Cal.
Frances Brown	Berkeley, Cal.
Alice Canevascini	Petaluma, Cal.
Charlotte Chamberlain,	San Francisco, Cal.
Randolph Christie	Berkeley, Cal.
Jack Cline	Petaluma, Cal.
Iva Doss	San Francisco, Cal.
Emily Filippini	Petaluma, Cal.
Ethel Hall	Petaluma, Cal.
Edna Kendall	Manchester, Cal.
Sidney Hellmann	Petaluma, Cal.
Genevieve Luff	Berkeley, Cal.
Harold Madison	Petaluma, Cal.
Clara Meeks	Berkeley, Cal.
Leoleon Millington Ingerson, ..	Petaluma
Genevieve Mott	Berkeley, Cal.
Raymond Murphy ...	San Francisco, Cal.

CLASS OF 1914

Josephine Camm	South America
Harold Boyer	Petaluma, Cal.
Homer Green	Petaluma, Cal.
Helen Olmsted	Berkeley, Cal.
Marguerite Menchen .	San Francisco, Cal.
Frank De Borba	Novato, Cal.
Everett Linoberg	San Francisco, Cal.
Louisa Helm	Petaluma, Cal.
Martina Camm	Petaluma, Cal.
Ray Skilling	Petaluma, Cal.
Audrey Schmidt	Palo Alto, Cal.
Elzada Gross	Berkeley, Cal.
Freda Dahlman	San Francisco, Cal.
Hebe Dykes	Palo Alto, Cal.
Walter Murphy	Petaluma, Cal.
Sidney F. N. Neall	Petaluma, Cal.
Bessie Millington	Petaluma, Cal.
Bernard Groverman	Petaluma, Cal.
Dickson Brown	Petaluma, Cal.
Gladys King	San Jose, Cal.
Theresa Blim	San Francisco, Cal.
Stanley Smith	Onyx, Cal.
Parker Hall	Davis, Cal.
Helen Mott	Berkeley, Cal.
Edna Behrens	San Francisco, Cal.
August Penn	Petaluma, Cal.
Pecival Wheeler	Palo Alto, Cal.
Emily Trondsen	Petaluma, Cal.
Erwin Tompkins ...	San Francisco, Cal.
Jared Scudder	Petaluma, Cal.



THE ENTERPRISE, '15

Deceased

Mrs. Jennie Otis McNear, '75.
Mrs. Jennie Gilbert Faire, '75.
Irving Ranard, '75.
Marie Fuller, '76.
Mrs. Nellie Morse Van Arsdale, '76.
Alice Rodgers, '77.
Lester B. Towne, '77.
Walter Hinkle, '78.
Arthur L. Pierce, '79.
Wm. Kelley, '79.
Mrs. Nellie Gill Robinson, '80.
Chas. Towne, '80.
Henry Cromwell, '81.
Melvil Holten, '81.
Mrs. Annie Weeks Jenkins, '81.
Geo. W. Heald, '82.
Luther Jones, '82.
Jamie Allen, '84.
Isabel Brown, '84.
Thomas Barlow, '84.
Everett Charles, '84.

Elvus Brandon, '85.
Leland Falkner, '86.
Emma Tupper, '87.
Albion Whitney, '87.
Merton Allen, '87.
Zoe Clark, '87.
Berdie Bloom, '88.
Mrs. Minnie Scott Howard, '89.
Morton Stockdale, '89.
Harry Cox, '90.
Errick Maack, '91.
Agnes Jones, '93.
Ed Carpenter, '94.
Wildric O. Hynes, '94.
Ada Skinner, '94.
Jennie Elizabeth Jones, '95.
Mrs. Vivian Gray Davidson, '96.
Elmer Brown, '99.
Ray Williams, '99.
Ruby McGuire, '04.
Cecil Mills, '06.





Pansy Parmeter

ALEX. We looked from cover to cover, but couldn't find anything to find fault with. You certainly are making a success of your paper.

MEGAPHONE. Your rhymes and snap shots are good. Why not put your joshes in the josh department instead of scattering them throughout the advertisements?

SPECTATOR. Spectator, you are always welcome. Your cover design is very neat and attractive. Some of your jokes could be improved upon.

FAR DARTER. Some cuts would improve your paper greatly. Larger print would also help. Call again.

MEZCLAH. You are perfect throughout. We congratulate you on your ability to edit such a paper without aid through advertisements. Your poems are exceptionally well written.

GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL, S. F. You have proven that girls can do a thing and do it well. Your literary and josh departments are exceptionally good.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

MAXWELL UNION HIGH. Your cover design is a very good suggestion of your name, "Golden Blue." You have some fine cuts. We do not think your accounts of the athletic contests in which you have been declared the loser very sportsmanlike.

ELK GROVE. For a new paper you are far above par. Your literary department is fine. "A Day at School," is humorous and true to school life. Come again.

ECHO. Though rather small, your literary department is exceptionally good. We think it would be better if you arranged your jokes more systematically. Put them in one place.

THE TIGER. Your snap shots of school scenes are very interesting. You can evidently boast of splendid school spirit|. You are always welcome.

CARDINAL AND BLACK. Your paper is very well arranged. The Editorial is interesting and sets a high standard for school spirit. You chose a poor combination of colors for your cover.

MEGAPHONE. In carrying out the subject of Missions through your paper you have shown a bit of genius and originality. Your athletic columns are good.

COPA DE ORA. As a first issue you are splendid. Your literary department is a fine starter. We would suggest that you use larger print hereafter.

(Editor's Note. Due to the fact that only a few schools knew that we had resumed this department we received but a small number of exchanges. Hereafter it is hoped that we can retain an Exchange department and will gladly receive and criticize those papers that are sent us. We are sending out a copy to each of a number of schools, whom we have never before heard from, and will appreciate all criticisms in return copies).



Herbert Cochrane

It's a long way to Petaluma,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Petaluma,
When the trains are running slow.
Good-bye Exposition, so-long Golden Gate,
It's a long way to Petaluma,
So we'd better not be late.

"This parting gives me pain," he cried.
It did in very truth,
For when his mouth he opened wide,
The dentist pulled his tooth.—Phil.

Eric (In Physics. After discussing the difference between a dry and a damp cold). Why, where I came from we used to go coasting with nothing but a light shirt on.

(He should have been ashamed of himself).

Miss B. (Trying to find a dry spot on the towel). Doesn't Mr. Smith know that it is against the law to use roller towels?

Mr. W. Oh, yes, he knows it well enough, but that law wasn't passed when this towel was put up.

Letitia D: (Whose book had dropped on the floor). Gee! I am dropping everything this morning.

Herr Pete: You ought to bring some safety pins with you.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

A. P. A book was thrown at me the other day and just grazed my head.

H. C: There wasn't much grazing there.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM

Prop. No. 1,978,645,230.

Theorem: Fat People should make good brooders.

Given: Henry Doss.

Prove: That Fat Doss would make a good brooder.

Proof: Henry Doss is fat.

Fat produces heat. (Ax.23).

A brooder requires heat. (Post. 29).

∴ Henry could supply the heat. (Equals added to equals).

∴ Henry would make a good brooder. Q. E. D.



Eric (After listening to Mr. Smith give an eloquent lecture in Solid Geom.): He reminds me of a preacher trying to make you 'get religion'.

Miss Woodman: An Indian's wife is called a Squaw. I suppose you all know what an Indian's child is called?

Curly Acorn: A Squawker.

Miss S. (To Ray Winans, who has not learned his German poem). See me after school, please.

Ray W: I can't, Miss Schluckebier, I have another date.

Henry Doss fell down the stairs. Mr. Smith, eagerly: Did he hurt the stairs?

Miss Daniel: (to a selfish bunch of fellows in Chem.): See here, you boys should treat others as you would be treated.

Mike Murphy: Aha! It's your treat then, Miss Daniel.

Miss W: (In History) Bessie, who is Carranza?

Bessie (Thoughtfully) Why, a-a-a, oh yes, he is that Italian opera singer.

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

Mabel L. (To Edwin B. who had just started charcoal drawing)
Yes, Edwin, I always chew my eraser at noon and recess to make it soft.

Edwin followed his superior's advice and was obliged to take a forced vacation for one week. Oh! false woman! How long will you tempt us?

We wish to announce that Dallas Ruhlman, the pride of the athletic circles, and a home product to boot, was the winner of another grand prix race which was held under the direction of the Assassinated Student Body a short time ago. Among the competitors were Oscar Wahlstrom, and Bennecke.

Dot Hall: Ray, I saw a "Union" soldier in Raymond Bros., show window today.

Ray W: Did he have his uniform on?

Dot H: Yes, he had a "Union Suit" on.

Miss S. (In drawing) Arthur, do be quiet and don't talk to Bessie so much.

Herr Pete: Oh, but Miss Schluckebier, my whole future depends on this.

A pretty young typist named Mayme
Though really she wasn't to blame,
Made a horrible spell,
And the boss just raised—well,
He said, "She's a beaut just the sayme."—Phil.

Miss S. Arthur, explained to the class the proper use of 'du' and 'Sie.'

Herr Pete: Well, people would address persons like you and me as 'Sie' and the rest of these folks as 'du.'

Freshie (Translating a German Sentence) Der Doktor war bei meiner kranken Frau. The doctor was with my cranky wife.

Ralph C. (Speaking of the Hindoos). They never kill monkeys.
Hulda S. You'll never die then.

o

D. Hall (Her mind on two different subjects—the borrowing of a pencil and the new handkerchief in her pocket) Henry, may I borrow your handkerchief?

If Daisy and Dick went strolling would George turn Brown?

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

Ruth McCargar sat in History with her hands folded on her desk. Miss Woodman asked her a question but Ruth sat silent. Ray Winans turned around and looking at her folded hands said, "Some pause." Thereupon Ruth lost her temper and savagely said, "Well, if you worked as hard as I do your hands would be big too."

A wild and uncivilized Sioux,
Once asked a Chinaman for a chew.
No 'baccy' he had;
It made him so mad
He cut off the Chinaman's queue. Phil.

Miss S. (To Walter A. who is proudly exhibiting a deficiency check), I'm sorry that any of my class should receive one of those.

W. A. (Cheerfully) Oh, that's nothing, it's natural for our family to get these things.

Once a fellow who limped when he walked
Met a maiden who lisped when she talked;
And he said, "Pretty miss,
Will you give me a kiss?"
When she tried to say, "No," her tongue balked.

Miss D. (In Chem.) Miles, don't you ever strike another match in this room.

Mabel L. (Consolingly) Never mind, Miles, we will strike another match some day.

H. Doss (After falling down the stairs) Am I a little pale?
C. Maggetti: No, you're a great big tub.

I. Meeks: Why does Ralph Rorden remind you of Napoleon?
B. Ayers: Because he looks the Bony-part.

Mrs. Jones: Did Alvin kiss you this evening?
Imogene J: You don't suppose he came to hear me sing, do you?

Cal. B. (Returning T. Haskell's watch) Your watch is fast, Turk.
Turk: Sure, it belongs to me.

Mattie J. (In Dom. Science) Miss Parry, do clams hatch with their shells on?

If Georgia swept a Hall would Eva Schwabadore?

A baby who knew how to bawl
Grew up to be husky and tawl.
He became a half-back—
A real cracker-jack—
And now uses crutches. That's awl.

Miss L. Henry, why don't you sit down?
Henry D. I can't, this desk squeezes my breakfast.

I shot a shaft into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where
Until the man on whom it fell,
Came around and gave me—Information.

C. Bock: Sure it does. You change your face when you say something.

Oscar W. (In Drawing) Oh, Miss S. give me a hand on this drawing, won't you?

O. W. Well lend me one then, will you?

No. 2: Yes, even to look at Arthur you can tell he has been to the Barber's a great deal.

P. S. (Absent-mindedly): "Goodmorning."

THE ENTERPRISE, '15

VERY TRUE.

Miss S. Arthur, you talk too much.

Arthur: Yes, but I don't say anything.

Miss Hesse: (In Geom., standing in the back of the room) Gwyneth, will you please stop chewing gum?

Gwyneth: (Surprised) Why, Miss Hesse, could you see me from back there?

T. Haskell (Butting in) No, she heard you.

R. Winans: Tell me, Paul, what is the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you?

P. S. Marry her, of course.

Miss S: There are several words in the German language that, if we do not understand their translation, would seem to be swear words to us Americans. For instance, *damit* is not a swear word in German. Neither is *hell*, which means light in English.

Turk. Haskell (Who is always getting in bad in German) Yes, we are always getting hell in German.

O. Hopkins: What is a fortification, Miss Woodman?

Miss W: Why a big port.

O. H: Then is a ratification a big—

Miss W: (Hastily) Oh, I'm busy now.

When Willie's father came home for supper, he asked for his son. "He is in bed," replied his mother, "and don't you know I heard him swear today."

"I'll teach him to swear," angrily exclaimed Willie's father, and he started up the stairs. Half way up he slipped, and fell. When the atmosphere cleared his wife said, "That will do dear, that is enough for the first lesson."

Miss Schluckebier: I have told you all what a four-footer is, haven't I? A horse is a four-footer, also a dog, cow, or a cat. Now I am a two-footer. That is a two-footer (pointing to a picture of a goose). Now Herr Pedersen, what am I?

Herr Pete: You are a goose, Miss Schluckebier.

Miss P. Clara, what effect did deafness have on Beethoven?

Clara S. Why er-a-er he wasn't able to hear well.



FOR THE LATEST STYLES IN THE SHOE LINE

Call and See Me for
MEN'S and LADIES' FINE DRESS SHOES

C. J. RICCI

154 Main St., Petaluma, Cal.

Phone 82 R.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT ECONOMY IN QUALITY

NEIL & GRAY
QUALITY GROCERS

Nothing comes into our store or leaves it
that is not absolutely **Guaranteed**

We cordially invite your patronage

Cor Kentucky St. and Western Ave

Petaluma, Cal.

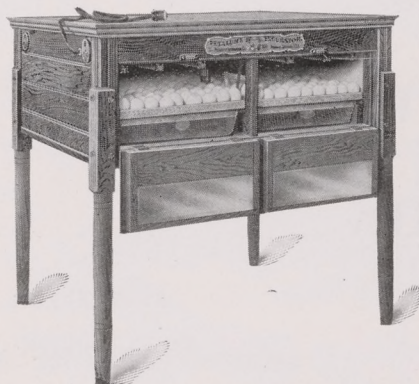
HAROLD R. CAMPBELL



THE PRINT SHOP

Commercial and Society Printing

Phone 890



**ALLIGATORS
HATCHED BY
ELECTRICITY**
in Petaluma Incubators

To many people this is indeed a novelty, but it is being done daily at the big alligator farm of Los Angeles, and on the "Zone" at the Panama Pacific Exposition. The Petaluma Incubator is marvelously simple, uses a small amount of "juice" and produces strong, vigorous chicks. Prices reasonable. Catalogue Free.

PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO.
Petaluma, Cal.

Card of Appreciation

WE are glad of this opportunity to express to the pupils of the High School as well as to the pupils of the Grammar and Elementary Schools of the city our appreciation of their very liberal patronage during the school year just closed.

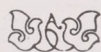
The Central

GEO. H. OTT, Prop.,

139 Main St.

THE COMBINED BANKS

The Sonoma County National Bank



The Petaluma Savings Bank

Combined Capital and Surplus	-	-	\$730,000.00
Combined Resources over	-	-	\$2,815,000.00

Leavitts

5-10-25 Cent

Store



Kentucky St.
Petaluma, Cal.

Tomasini Hardware
Company



Kentucky Street

Petaluma, Cal.

THE WARDROBE

The Home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx

and Stylplus \$17 Clothes

And Other Good Things

A. L. PHILLIPS, Proprietor

42 - 45 Main St.

We Carry a Complete Line of

GRADUATION GIFTS

Gifts that will last a life time, Beautiful
Watches, Pendants and Rings.

A. H. ROSS, Jeweler

143 Main Street,

QUALITY

PRICE

SATISFACTION

J. C. Scott Hardware Co.

on Main Street

Petaluma

Calif.


Newburgh & Co., Inc.

New Silks and Dress Goods

Agents for the Royal and Bon Ton Corsets and Butterick
Patterns

107 - 109 Main Street

Petaluma, Cal.

THE FAIR 

SCHOOL SUPPLIES and STATIONERY
of all kinds. **Picture Framing a Specialty**

JOS. SCHOENINGH

119 Kentucky Street

Petaluma, Cal.

Parker & Gordon

HOGS, CALVES, HIDES and HAY, GRAIN
FEED, LIME and CEMENT

Office 368 Main Street

Petaluma, Cal.

Marion B. McAulay, M. D.

Office: 163 Kentucky St., Phone 418.
Residence: 300 6th St., Phone 745
Office Hours: 11 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4
P. M., Sundays, Evenings by
Appointment.

DR. N. B. RUNDALL
Osteopathic Physician

DR. JOHN PEOPLES

Dentist

Phone 322 Canepa Bldg.

DR. J. T. O'BRIEN

DR. H. L. LORENTZEN

Physician and Surgeon

135 Kentucky St.
Phone 215 - R Petaluma, Cal.

FRED S. HOWELL

Attorney and Counselor

Petaluma, Calif.

Pioneer Meat Market



GERVASONI & CASTAGNA

Successors to H. J. POEHLMANN

Phone 321

Petaluma, Cal.

**Wayne's
Portrait
Studio**

Ground Floor

***Where Photos
That Please
Are Made***

Main Street

STYLISH SHOES

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BEST VALUES

BEST MAKES

KEIG'S : : : :

115 Main St.
Petaluma, Cal.

Use PACIFIC SERVICE
It is PERFECT SERVICE

Kind and Courteous to all

PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC CO.

136 Main Street

Petaluma, Cal.

Petaluma Swiss-American Bank

Capital Fully Paid Up \$250,000.00
Surplus \$42,000.00

WE INVITE YOUR ACCOUNT

Printing

*The kind that gives satisfaction at
a price that is consistent with the
quality.*

The Argus

The Latest in **MEN'S
MILLINERY**

The Most Stylish in Ladies' and Children's

— at —

RAYMOND BROS.

**CAMM & HEDGES
CO.**

**LUMBER MILL WORK
TANKS**

Petaluma

Calif.

THE PETALUMA NATIONAL BANK

THE AFFILIATED BANKS

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK

Combined Resources—Two Million Nine Hundred
Thousand Dollars

PURITY

QUALITY

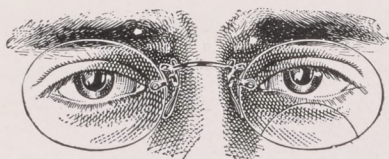
RELIABILITY

**PETERS & PETERS
GROCERS**



218 - 220 Main Street

Phone 350



I test the eyes and guarantee satisfaction, and for half the price of optical houses.

Nickle Frames and best Lenses\$1.50

Gold Filled Frames and Best Lenses \$2.50

Toric Lenses fitted to your eyes, per pair \$3.00

GEO. G. DAUNT

Graduate Optician

ROACH BROS. GROCERS

Phone 368

Main Street, Petaluma, Calif.

A WINNING HAND



It's yours if you
use the

VESTAL LINE

Vestal's Feeds will
insure more chicks and
stronger chicks.

MEATO

the last word in meat scraps.

Meato is all quality.

See us for Feeds for all Needs.

M. VONSEN CO.

G. P. McNEAR CO.

Is Headquarters For



Garden and Field
SEEDS

as well as

EVERYTHING IN
FOODS

FOR POULTRY
FARM and DAIRY



RELIABLE
MEN'S and BOYS'
OUTFITTERS



The Poggery
CHRIS C. RIEWERTS

L. V. Waymire

W. F. Winchester

The Crystal

RENOVATING, DYEING, and PRESSING
DRY and STEAM CLEANING

STORE PHONE 594

30 WASHINGTON STREET

WORKS PHONE 648

PETALUMA, CAL.

Headquarters for ————— 0

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies

CONKLIN and WATERMAN FOUNTAIN PENS

Clark Drug Company

The Rexall Store

Mystic Theatre

Yours for Amusement

PETALUMA'S FIRST CLASS PICTURE HOUSE



Hill Opera House

Always for the High-Class Attractions in Opera, Drama,
Comedy, Concert, etc.



Under the Management of J. A. McNEAR, Jr.

WM. F. FARRELL

STUDEBAKER VEHICLES

and

FIRESTONE AUTO TIRES

Main Street

Petaluma, Calif.

EASTMAN KODAKS

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES

UNIVERSAL STOVES and

All Kinds of HARDWARE

Schluckebier Hardware Co.

Main Street

Petaluma, Cal.

Coulson's
MADE IN PETALUMA

Poultry Foods have been the
standard for many years.

They always lead. We also

carry a complete line of
Feed, Incubators, Brooders,
and Poultry Supplies

Coulson Co.
PETALUMA CAL.

HEROLD DRUG CO.



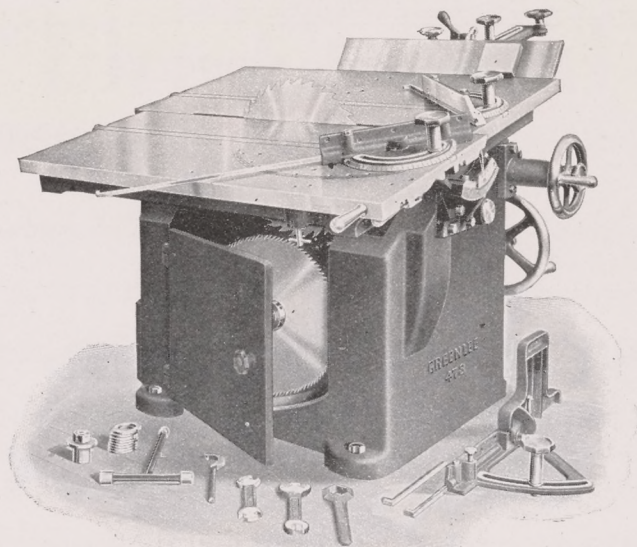
DEPENDABLE DRUGGISTS

TWO STORES

LIGHTNING DELIVERY

THE EBY MACHINERY COMPANY

35 - 41 Main St., San Francisco, Cal.



Distributors of High Grade Woodworking Machinery
Greenlee No. 478 Universal Double Arbor Saw Table
Manual Training Equipment A Specialty

***Everybody
Reads
The Argus***

Are You A Member?

Not a day passes but
some signal service is
rendered Petaluma by
Petaluma Chamber of
Commerce.

You - Ought - to - be!

JOS. STEIGER

ESTABLISHED 1856

SPORTING GOODS and FISHING TACKLE; BICYCLES and
MOTORCYCLES Sold on Terms. I am Agent for the Noted A. G.
SPAULDING & BROS. ATHLETIC GOODS; also for the BEST
MOTORCYCLE EVER MADE, "THE INDIAN"

132 MAIN STREET

PETALUMA, CAL.

EVERYTHING NEW IN

SUITS, COATS, SKIRTS, WAISTS, CORSETS,
MUSLIN UNDERWEAR and DRY GOODS



Prices are very Moderate,
Quality Considered.

M.A. Tough
• DRY GOODS •



The Big Demand For

Golden Eagle Flour

Is Due to Its Many Fine Qualities.

To improve your Baking, order a Sack
at once and you will find you need no
no other flour to make Fine Bread,
Rolls, Pies, Cakes, Etc.

The Splendid Baking Qualities of
"GOLDEN EAGLE FLOUR"

Make it a Family Favorite.

Golden Eagle Milling Co.

PETALUMA

CALIFORNIA

